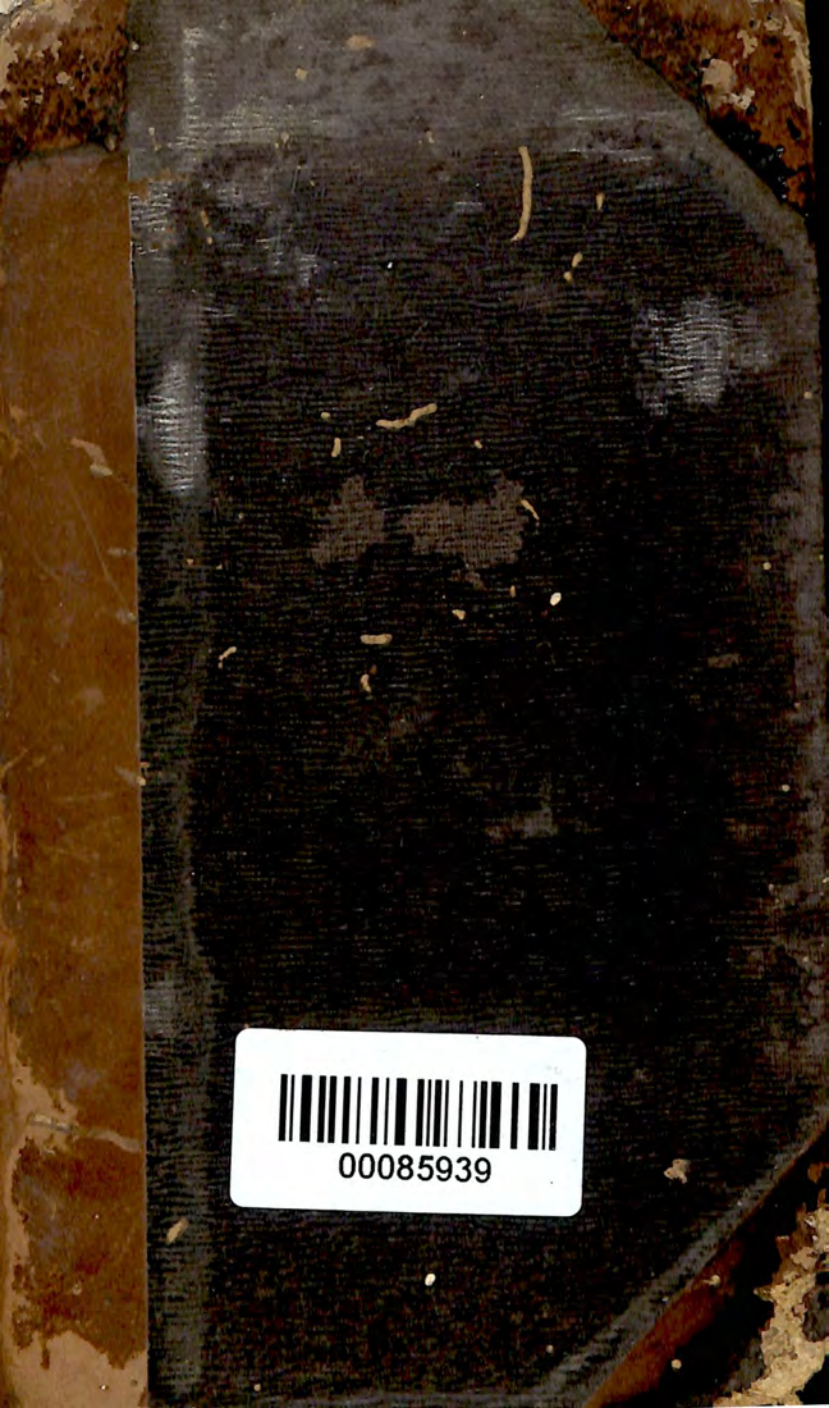
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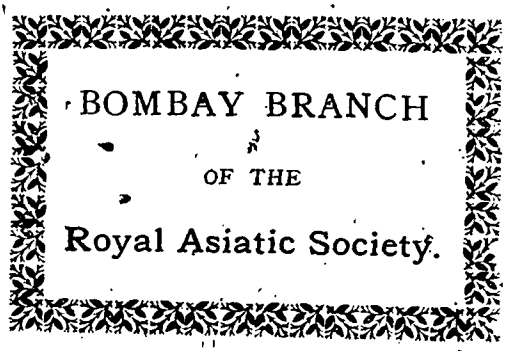


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# ST. PETERSBURG

AND

# MOSCOW.

VOL. II.

# ST. PETERSBURG

AND

# MOSCOW:

## A VISIT

TO THE

£5939

## COURT OF THE CZAR.

BY

RICHARD SOUTHWELL BOURKE, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# ST. PETERSBURG

AND

# MOSCOW.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE CADETS.

L'amour de Dieu et la connaissance et l'exercice des préceptes de la religion, sans distinction de cultes, sont les premières bases de toute éducation bien dirigée, et la principale condition du bonheur de la vie.—EXTRACT OF AN ORDER OF THE DAY, OF H. I. H. THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.—DECEMBER 13, 1834.

HAVING been honoured with an invitation to assist at the inspection of the Corps of Cadets of St. Petersburg, by the Grand Duke Michael, previous to their departure

for Peterhof, we met on the Champ de Mars, in uniform, where we found the Grand Duke just entering the great place. Two thousand five hundred young soldiers composing the first and second corps of Cadets, and the corps of Pages varying from the ages of ten to eighteen, were drawn up in a hollow square. They were first closely inspected by his Imperial Highness, and then went through a number of evolutions in excellent order, the Grand Duke giving the words of command himself. After having manœuvred for two hours, they marched past in quick and slow time, and returned to their different academies.

The size of some of these future officers amused me greatly. The Grand Duke kindly kept back four or five of the

smallest, to show us separately as curiosities. These little urchins were not more than three feet and a half high, mere infants; nevertheless, they went through the manual exercise as well as possible; and, on being ordered to march, set off in every sense of the word like men, for each stride was the full regulation step. After the main body of the young gentlemen had finished their manœuvres, eight guns, worked entirely by cadets, were brought forward, and fired several dozen rounds while retreating and advancing, going through the entire exercise with great precision.

The whole thing lasted about four hours, and was a very interesting and amusing ceremony, as these boys played at soldiers with perfect exactness, and must be in

every way prepared for the duties of their profession by the time they enter the regular army. At Peterhof, where they went a few days after, they are encamped for some weeks in the neighbourhood of the palace, in order that their exercises may be conducted under the eye of the Emperor, who takes a great interest and pride in these tiny regiments. They go through all the evolutions of a regular army, and partake of all the toils and hardships of imaginary war. They are wonderfully steady, and only one instance is known of these young gentlemen having failed in the performance of their duty. Some years ago, a body of the smallest among them, were drawn up in a hollow square, and charged by cavalry. They stood their ground very well for some time; but when the regi-

ment of dragoons got quite close to them, their little hearts failed them, and they fairly took to their heels, scampering off in every direction. They were with difficulty brought back; some of the officers present made them a speech, telling them that such was not conduct becoming the characters of the future officers of the Imperial army, and begged of them not to run away again. They promised faithfully to stand firm for the future; and certainly no soldiers could have been steadier, than were the entire body that we saw inspected on the Champ de Mars.

The military educational establishments in Russia have been brought to a state of the highest perfection of late years, under the direction of the Grand Duke Michael. They are intended for the sons

of nobles, who purpose entering the army. There are taught gratuitously all things that are required to make them good officers and useful subjects. The cadets of the schools of St. Petersburg are principally, though not all intended for the corps of the guard, and those of the establishments in the provinces, for the regiments of the line.

There are twenty-six academies for the purpose of military education, in the empire, containing altogether between nine and ten thousand pupils, who are sustained at a yearly expense, exceeding seven million roubles. They are received in the general schools at the age of from ten to fourteen, and there is a preparatory academy at Czarskoe Seloe, where they are taken in at seven years old. Some special schools

for the ensigns of the guard have also been instituted, where they are admitted at the age of seventeen, after they get their commissions. The qualifications requisite for admission are, noble extraction, (though this is not necessary for the schools of artillery and engineers,) a good constitution, and some previous knowledge of the elements of education. The corps of Pages, who rank first among the Cadets of the empire, are the children of general officers or civil functionaries of that rank; these almost always become officers of the guard.

The course of study in the general classes is, the Russian, French, and German languages; arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, geography, natural history, a little ancient and modern history, and drawing. They study nine hours a day, prac-

tise gymnastics and military exercises, two; play two, and the rest of the day is devoted to sleep, meals, and prayers. All religions, even Islamism, are taught, according to the faith of the pupils; and ministers of all creeds are specially employed for the service of the schools. Punishments are used sparingly, and are principally of that kind, which are supposed to touch most keenly the honour of the future officer. Rewards are distributed with a certain degree of solemnity, at the end of the course of study, when the Cadet receives his commission.

But the most brilliant recompense of his scholastic career is, when the name of the pupil, who has distinguished himself in his academic course, is inscribed in golden letters on a tablet in the

refectory. This remains for ever as a memento of his attainments, and affords the greatest incentive to exertion for future pupils. A tablet of black marble in the church of each academy perpetuates the names of those former inmates of the institution, who may have died a hero's death on the field of battle. If any action of peculiar gallantry has signalized his death, an account thereof is added; and thus, the fame of many a youthful hero, whose military career was too short to merit a place in history, is preserved from oblivion, and the name of many a young officer, whose life has been sacrificed in the service of his country, is rescued from the poor fate of being merely "immortalized in a bulletin."

Each military school possesses a library, containing, besides maps, plans, and text

books, a good collection of works of a general nature, and particularly those relating to military history and statistics. To this library is joined a museum, containing chemical and mechanical instruments, models of all arms in present use, plans of different systems of fortification, models of trains of artillery, pontoons, and of all the paraphernalia of modern warfare. The schools of artillery possess laboratories, wherein the pupils themselves work.

At the end of every year, the students are examined in presence of the Director, by which means their standing in the school is regulated for the coming year. On leaving the academy to enter on effective service, they undergo an examination, conducted with great form, in the presence

of all the authorities of the neighbourhood. Their promotion is determined by their proficiency in their studies, and by the report of their past conduct. In the provincial colleges, the two who have answered best receive commissions in the guards, while the others are admitted to the artillery, engineers, as officers or sergeants in the line, according to their respective merit. Some, who from bad health or other circumstances, are found unfit for military service, obtain civil employment, with a rank equal to that which their attainments would have obtained for them in the army. The theory of the entire system is grounded on the soundest and most enlightened principles. It has been almost completely developed by the Grand Duke Michael, the greater part of whose time is given up to this object. Though the

details are a little complicated, if his views and wishes are carried out, the military educational establishments of Russia are a pattern to the teachers of other countries; for nothing is omitted that can conduce to the production of a chivalrous, and at the same time, a well-educated and efficient officer.

We drove after the review to the islands, and by accident passed the botanical garden, one of the great wonders of this town. The science of hot-house gardening is here brought to the utmost perfection, and one of the finest assortments of tropical plants in existence have been here collected amid the snows of the North. The whole establishment is under the direction of Mr. Fisher, a Scotchman, whose success in propagating and preserving the most

delicate plants is wonderful. The collection of Orchidaceous plants is one of the best in Europe, and agents are employed in many different parts of the world in sending home plants worthy of these immense conservatories.

Like every thing else in and about St. Petersburg, the hot-houses of these gardens are undergoing repair. When finished they will be of enormous extent, and we were told that two versts of glass were to be completed before next winter; but at the time we visited it the whole establishment was in a sad state of confusion. The constant repairs, plastering, roofing, building, and repaving that we saw going on in St. Petersburg are inconceivable; we scarcely found a street wherein several houses were not being either remodelled,

rebuilt or newly plastered. From the different façades of elaborate scaffolding brick-bats and mortar perpetually descended and the stranger of a contemplative turn,

> Whose eyes could hardly serve at most,
> To guard their master 'gainst a post,

while studying the fall of a brick, would, ten chances to one, find himself either stumbling over a heap of stones, or the body of a prostrate paviour.

I suspect the long winter of the north is an excellent friend to the tribe of masons, plasterers, &c.; for a town whose buildings are composed exclusively of brick and plaster is not likely to escape unscathed the attacks of six months of frost. Marble statues lose their noses as well as the inhabitants, and the skin equally peels

off the faces of churches and Christians. Twenty-five and thirty degrees of frost by Reaumur is not good for man, beast, or building, and people must be very fond of ice-hills and sledging to enjoy six months uninterrupted snow. Old Peter was a hardy fellow, but he would have made a capital more suited to the tastes of the luxurious and indolent Sclave had the "City of Palaces" graced the shores of the Black Sea instead of the morasses of the Gulf of Finland.

A few days after the inspection of cadets, we were again summoned to be present at the departure of the young army for their camp at Peterhof. "The meet" was at the triumphal arch, built by the Emperor Alexander, to commemorate the

return of the troops, from what is called the glorious campaign of 1814.

We found the same horses that we rode at the manœuvre waiting for us, and the whole staff in readiness to receive the Emperor, who galloped up in a carriage and four from Peterhof. We rode down the whole line, the little army then marched past in slow time, his Majesty saying "very well," to each company; his greeting being answered with a cheer. A troop of cavalry cadets, whom we had not seen at the inspection, and a small body of young Circassians dressed in their national costume accompanied the little army.

The Russian mode of marching past is very curious: they march three deep and the officers strut on the tips of their toes in a most wonderful way. It is a fatiguing and

theatrical looking step, and one that could not be kept up for any length of time. It must have been particularly inconvenient on this occasion, as the road had been lately repaired, and I pitied the poor little fellows who were stamping their feet in the most energetic manner on the sharp points of the broken stones.

After they had all gone by, we rode a little way on the road towards Peterhof, until they were halted, and the knapsacks put on carts. A number of large carriages followed, I suppose to pick up any of the children who might be weary. The staff was then dismissed, and we returned to our carriage and drove home.

## CHAPTER II.

Occupations at St. Petersburg—Driving four-in-hand—Russian horses—Cruelty of their drivers—Journey to Moscow—Diligence travelling—Arrival at Novogorod—Cigarettes, Tchè, and Samovars—A welcome change—The Switzerland of central Russia—Scenery on the road—Russian villages—Sleeping al fresco—Primitive agriculture—Peasantry—Appearance of the women—Their costume.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE JOURNEY.

Mansuri oppidulo, quod versu dicere non est
Signis per facile est—

HORACE.

THUS we spent our time at St. Petersburg, and a very pleasant time it was—sight-seeing, or being present at some military exhibition occupied our days; a party, a ball, or the French play, our evenings; we had always plenty of amusement, and as every thing was so new to us, our interest and curiosity never flagged for a moment.

Sometimes B— drove us in his carriage four-in-hand, a proceeding that caused great astonishment to the natives; but these feelings of wonder soon appeared to give way to those of pity, for they evidently thought us mad. Notwithstanding the terrible state of the roads, we got on very well, and spent several pleasant evenings in driving over tracks so wild that I doubt very much if four English horses would have gone over half the curious places, deep holes, and broken bridges that those good-natured Russian horses dragged us through.

They certainly are the best tempered beasts in the world; and four Russian horses, who had never been driven except in double harness before, or felt a bit in their mouths severer than a light snaffle, in a few minutes went as steadily as if they had been running

the "first stage out of town" for a year. The leaders, who had never seen a pair of winkers, or endured a bearing rein before, seemed to wonder a little at first; but their astonishment subsided much sooner than that of the attendants, who were amazed as much at the madness of the English, as at the docility of the animals. The lower classes in Russia treat their horses very badly, and with the exception of the Neapolitans, are more cruel to their beasts, than any people I have seen. The drivers commence operations with a peculiar sort of howl, or low cry, like a man in extreme pain. This is generally a prelude to a volley of blows and curses, the latter being most terrific in their signification. The droschky men are generally less savage in this respect

than their brethren of the country; but I have seen the drivers of Telegas beat unmercifully the wretched animals that perhaps may have dragged him from Moscow to St. Petersburg. The life of a horse in Russia is thought a matter of so little moment, that the authorities never interfere to save them from any misery their half barbarous owners may see fit to inflict.

We now began to turn our thoughts towards Moscow, as our time was very limited, and we had seen most things worthy of notice in St. Petersburg; I should, however, have greatly enjoyed a longer stay, as we had already made many kind friends and pleasant acquaintances, whose society we found most agreeable. But, when the ancient capital of the Czars with all her recollections

rose before our eyes, we felt that we had seen little of Russia, without having made a pilgrimage to the Holy City.

Therefore, after a stay of about three weeks, we took our places in a diligence of what is called the second establishment, and made up our minds for a long and dreary journey of three days and nights; we were assured that the conveyance was excessively comfortable, and that we should make the journey as conveniently as in our own carriage. A very good diligence was shown to us at the office, which looked as well as a vehicle of such ungainly proportions could look.

So, having armed ourselves with leather cushions, we started, fully determined on a very slow, but very sure journey. But the first ten yards destroyed all our hopes of

comfort; we had been put into a machine whose springs were so imaginary, that the motion was that of a cart, and of a very rough cart too: the cushions were of stony hardness, and the sides unstuffed in any way, were merely covered with dirty green baizè; add to these delights the subsequent discovery that the whole machine was inhabited by a thriving colony of bugs, and you can hardly conceive a more disagreeable habitation wherein to spend three days of pleasure.

We looked at one another and laughed though we felt any thing but merry; but there was no help for it—the places were taken and go on we must, or have to wait perhaps many days for another conveyance. We soon found out that we had, through the disinterestedness of our valet de place,

got into the very worst diligence of the eight establishments in St. Petersburg; for in a couple of stages we met a most comfortable one returning, belonging to the sixth company, which really seemed as good as a private carriage.

We jolted on, cursing alternately our own negligence, and the valet de place, and arrived at Novogorod the next day, with all our teeth loose, and our limbs half dislocated. The sensation of soreness was such, that had I been sleeping in the open air in my own country, instead of in a Russian diligence, I should have concluded that all the imps and fairies of Hibernian legend had been dancing jigs in thick brogues on my body during the whole night.

Novogorod once "the great" formerly

the capital of Russia, seemed in nearly as shaky a state as ourselves; but as I was too cross to look at it on our first visit, I will say somewhat more about it on our way back.

We bought two more cushions, and went on till night; when we stopped at a small village rejoicing in the name of Yajelbitzy.* Diligence travelling in Russia is conducted on the most liberal principles, as the guard stops whenever the passengers chose, and if the company consists for the most part of Russians or Germans, they generally manage to eat and drink something at every stage. We found the tea excellent, and the *Samovar* or great tea-urn with a small fire of charcoal in the middle

* I beg leave to say that I will not be answerable for the proper orthography of any Russian name.

of it ready at most places, so I invariably rushed to the leather sofa at every post-house, (where we generally spent twenty minutes in every two hours) lit a cigarette, and called "tchè" as loud as possible, thereby gaining a sort of momentary refreshment, which helped to keep us alive. Nevertheless, by the time we reached Yajelbitzy, I was really ill, and extremely out of temper; while E— was a little better in health, but just as cross.

But here a most agreeable surprise awaited us. We were overtaken by Prince V. B—, and General B—, the former of whom we had known at St. Petersburg. They were travelling in two carriages, their servants occupying one, and they themselves the other; with the greatest kindness they left two of their followers to take our places, in the vile old waggon, and put us into their

comfortable chariot. Never was there such a change, from horrid torture to the enjoyment of the greatest luxury. Not Phaëton, when in wild delight he seized "the ribbons" of the golden car, and started on his short, but brilliant drive; not Cinderella, when she laid aside her broom and pattens, for gorgeous robes and fairy team, felt more exuberant delight, than did we when we exchanged the infernal jolting of that diabolical diligence, for the easy springs and silken cushions of B—'s *dormeuse*. As we rolled out of the village at full gallop, I could hardly restrain a good hurrah; we now felt as if we could go on to Odessa in perfect luxury, without stopping; and fell asleep, swearing that all the Russians, and B— in particular, were the very best fellows on the face of the civilized or uncivilized globe.

Thus we travelled on all night, through the hill country of Valdai, which is accounted to be the Switzerland of central Russia; its highest summit attaining to about the imposing elevation of Richmond hill; however, the pitches were tolerably steep, and as Russian horses have no idea of pulling back in harness, we always went down the bank, and across the bridge in the hollow at full gallop, which pace continued as far up the next hill, as the whip of the coachman could make the little horses go.

The road from St. Petersburg to Moscow is macadamized the whole way, and is kept in perfect repair; the distance is seven hundred and fifty versts, about five hundred miles, and there are one hundred small stations for soldiers who work on the road, placed at equal distances along the line. The scenery is

monotonous to a degree, and with the exception of the Valdai hills, the traveller, within ten versts of Moscow, might with little difficulty imagine that he had been going backwards and forwards over the same ground for three days and nights.

The same interminable alternation of half cultivated clearings, and dark forests of fir and birch, much of which is quite low from having been recently cut, is the only scenery that meets the eye; on each side of the way, there is always a clear space of about two hundred yards, overgrown with grass whereon the cattle travel, and where we still saw traces of Peter the Great's corduroy road. This was in many places a causeway formed of trees lying transversely, and must have been a pleasant highway to travel on in car-

riages without springs, for the logs were laid down quite indiscriminately, and the bound, from a tree to a sapling, was not at all unfrequent. This mode of road-making only occurred in the swampy parts. But these are tolerably numerous about St. Petersburg, and a journey over them must have been, in those days, a series of horrid torments.

The people all live in villages built of wood, consisting of one long straggling street, and the houses are generally very wretched and dirty. They are all built on the same plan, have immense covered-in yards at the back, for the cattle in winter, and are formed of fir-trees, laid longitudinally on one another, and joined together at the corners, the interstices being filled up with moss. They are said to be very warm, and each contains a

stove; on the top of this, the whole family sleep in winter, rolled in their sheepskins. In summer many of the men lie on the bare ground in front of their habitations, and at night we always found numbers of these worthies taking their rest al fresco in their sheepskins; preferring the open canopy of heaven to the embraces of their loving spouses, and the attentions of the varied insect inhabitants of a Russian cottage.

The steps of the post house was a favorite *rendez-vous* for these hardy sleepers; and we had often to step over the bodies of half a dozen prostrate mugiks in order to gain admission to the hotel; they were seldom awakened by the arrival of the carriage, whose wheels sometimes passed within a few feet of their bodies. And so soundly did they sleep that on some

occasions the ostlers and coachmen, who had joined the snoring party on the steps, were aroused by a kick in the ribs from the postilion who had just come in. Russians always seem to go to sleep whenever they can, and whenever they are so inclined; their sheepskins serving both in winter and summer all the purposes of clothes, bed, and bedding. The day at this time of year is so long, that it is light twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four, so that they may work or sleep just when they please.

Agriculture appears to be conducted, in the interior of Russia, on the most primitive principles; fallowing seemed to be the most usual mode of cultivation, and agricultural machinery is of the most simple construction. I often saw a man sallying

forth to his day's work, carrying his plough in one hand, and leading the little shaggy pony that was to draw it, with the other. This tool would startle a Lothian farmer, being little more than a strong forked stick, one point of which is shod with iron, and scratches the ground as the pony pulls it along, while the other is held in the man's hand. The whole turn out is very like representations I have seen in old pictures of the progress of domestic arts in the time of the Saxon Heptarchy. They do not seem to think that straight ploughing at all adds to the fertility of the soil, for they wander about in every direction, and score the ground as best suits their fancy. The animals are fed in summer in the forest, and in winter are kept in the large stables attached to every cottage.

Altogether the mode of life of the Russian serf is as wild as that of any nation, dwelling in fixed places of residence. They still exhibit in their customs and habits, many traces of the nomade race from whom they are sprung, and have often, even in latter years, shewed traits in every way worthy of their Scythian origin. The men have much the advantage over the women in good looks; their features are for the most part finely proportioned and well chiselled; a good grey eye, small but well formed nose, short upper lip, and well proportioned chin are the distinctive marks of the pure Sclave untainted by German or Kalmuck blood; this, added to light hair and a curly beard, makes a very handsome face, expressive of much determination and quickness. Among the poorer

serfs, however, these beauties are hidden by dirt and hair that looks as if it was never meant to be combed. I do not believe it ever is; and the accumulation of filth hoarded on the mugik's person and sheep-skin is beyond all description.

The finest old men I ever beheld, we met wandering about the villages on the road; their flowing white hair, and beards, in many cases, hung round most Rembrandt like faces; and as they leant on their staves, looking like ancient patriarchs, I think they might fully rival in appearance of health and strength the pictures of Old Parr lately immortalized on patent pill boxes.

The male sex among the serfs, with the greatest want of gallantry, keep all the beauty to themselves, for positively nothing

can be uglier than the Russian women; their faces are large, their noses flat, and their cheek bones high; and as to figures, by the bones of Venus! I never saw such desecration of the human form divine. How they get themselves into so inhuman a shape I cannot conceive; their waists seemed to me to be above their breast; where the rest of their body was I cannot tell, for the gown hung perpendicularly from this unnatural part down to their heels; the fact is, I cannot describe their appearance, as never were daughters of Eve less favored with beauty, and during the whole journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow and back, I did not see one pretty girl.

They wear a little short cloak, lined and trimmed with coarse fur, which is not

of so extravagant a shape as their gowns; but even this costume, that would be really very pretty on other peasants, fails to give them the least appearance of beauty. I willingly pass by this subject, for I cannot say anything in praise of my fair fellow creatures of the lower class in Russia, and I feel that it is almost a shame to abuse their want of good looks, as it is not their fault that they are less favored in this respect than others.

## CHAPTER III.

Condition of the Russian serf — Slave tribute — The Abrok—Purchase of manumission—Wretchedness of the serf on some estates—Slave revolts—Education—Devotion of the serfs to their masters during the invasion of Bonaparte—The French and the Russians—Slave proprietors—Difficulties of emancipation—Possibility of their effecting their own liberty—Abolition of serfdom among the peasants of the Crown—Posting in Russia—Russian horses and harness—Journeys of the Emperor—A wakeful piper—Vishney Volotchok—Flat-bottomed barges—Chicken cutlets—The Volga—First view of Moscow.

# CHAPTER III.

## THE SERF.

'Tis above measure strange that neither proof
Of sad experience nor example set
By some, whose patriot virtue has prevailed,
Can even now when they are grown mature
In wisdom, and with philosophic deeds
Familiar, serve to emancipate the rest.
Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To reverence what is ancient, and to plead
A course of long observance for its use
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because delivered down from sire to son
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.

COWPER

THE condition of the Russian serf varies considerably according to the dispositions or

inclinations of their masters; and the mode of treatment is so different on different estates, that it would be impossible to lay down a fixed statement of their absolute position.

Unlike the slaves of other countries, they belong to the ground whereon they are born, and they cannot be sold separately from the property on which they reside. On the estates of private individuals, the mode of levying tribute is different; some proprietors raise a fine of a certain sum on each male capable of work, obliging them besides to give a number of days' actual agricultural labour in the summer season. Those who follow this plan cultivate the ground entirely on their own account, and support their slaves themselves, supplying them with food, lodging, and all

the necessaries of life. Others, however, let the land by measurement to their serfs, and receive rent according to the custom in other countries. This is considered to be the most liberal and enlightened system, for it encourages exertion and industry much more than individual taxation. Many are allowed to go into towns to earn their livelihood by trade or service; in this case they pay a yearly fine to their proprietors called the "Abrok," the amount being dependant on his will, and often regulated in proportion to the talents or industry of those who pay it.

The serfs may be recalled to their native village at any moment, and can on no account leave the country without express permission; this is a favour most difficult to obtain, and one very rarely granted.

They cannot marry without the leave of their lord, and may not purchase manumission, except with his consent. There is no general fixed price for liberty, and slaves who have prospered in trade, have been known to offer, in vain, the most enormous sums for freedom. In short, with the exception of individual sale, their state in no way differs from that of an American negro.

On the estates of enlightened and humane men, the serfs are well attended to, and their existence, though enslaved, is at least free from want and care. I hear, however, that on those governed by bad and cruel intendants, whose proprietors are regardless of ought but the money derived from their distant lands, the state of the serf exceeds in wretchedness that of the poor peasants

on an estate of the most reckless of our Irish absentees.

Even in Russia, however, this land of slavery, and absolute power, the people do not always suffer quietly the weight of oppression. There have been instances of revolt where the slaves rising in a body, have committed all sorts of atrocities, burning the cattle and property of their proprietors, and in some cases boiling their landlords alive in oil. The progress of this Tipperary-like vengeance was only stopped by a strong detachment of the army being sent to oppose them; but the punishment in all cases came swift, and terrible; whole districts were nearly decimated, and the survivors sent off a couple of thousand miles to assist in the population of Asia.

Education is not invariably extended to

the serfs, but almost all are expert tradesmen, as they employ themselves, in winter, within doors, when the weather prevents employment in the open air. In summer they tend the flocks, or till the ground; and when the six months' frost precludes agricultural labour, they work at different handicrafts at home; a certain quantity of the produce of their industry being frequently sold for the master's benefit. They are well fed, and have few wants beyond their log-house, stove, and sheep-skin; but they appeared generally languid, and seemed rarely to practice the athletic sports in which the peasants of other lands usually delight.

This, then, is the life of the Russian serf; he knows no law save the will of his master; and "the Father," as they call the Emperor, in his idea is the personification

of all earthly greatness. When well treated, they are affectionate and grateful, hospitable to strangers, and quiet among themselves; but the ban of slavery lies heavy upon them, and all their actions betoken a mute and almost sullen submission. Their devotion to their hereditary lords is worthy of a better cause, and merits, in many instances, the name of virtue. When Napoleon offered them freedom if they would fight against their country, they indignantly refused it, and scarcely ever, in the course of the war, did the cause of patriotism suffer from the treason of a slave. They cheerfully sacrificed their lives and properties at the bidding of "the Father;" the hand of the serf often fired his whole earthly property, and leaving the home of his childhood, he has wandered with his family, houseless, and

starving to the forest, rather than the invading Gaul should find food and shelter in the land of the Emperor.

In no history, ancient and modern, are more heroic instances of self-devotion to be found than in the annals of the campaign of 1812, so disastrous to both conquerors and conquered. The Russians gave all they possessed, and led, with indomitable courage, their devoted serfs to die before the disciplined legions of France. But the commanders of Alexander were no match for the skilful and victorious Generals of Napoleon, and the devotion of a legion of bondsmen was of little avail against the free-born heroes of the grand army. The *morale*, the individual, the indomitable bravery which led the Gallic soldiers in one triumphant march from Paris to Moscow,

was too much for the machine-like hardihood of the masses of slaves. One fought for honor, for glory, for immortal fame; the others *died* because "the Father" desired it.

Undismayed, and unflinching, the Russian troops were shot down by thousands; they never thought of leaving the ground they stood on, or deserting the post assigned them; but they seldom made a brilliant charge, or dashed impetuously on the foe. It was the heroism more of the martyr than the soldier; the spirit of slavery enabled them to suffer cheerfully, but did not prompt them to act as if victory depended on their own exertions.

Never more plainly did the children of liberty shew to the world how triumphant is the might of freedom, over all the

power of despotism than in that year so terrible to France and Russia. Unconquered by human arm, the resistless invaders only succumbed to the adverse force of nature, for in fair fight or equal battle, the banner of Napoleon waved invariably victorious over his gallant host. Individually unvanquished, the little remnant of the mightiest army ever raised in days of warfare, returned home; for with every natural advantage on their side, the devotion of the slave was unable to protect their master's land from the arms of the free.

This might have taught the rulers a lesson; then might they have given to their heroic servants the dearest boon of life. But twenty-seven million souls still bow to the iron rod, and in the nineteenth cen-

tury, slavery as deep as it is undeserved, sullies half the surface of Europe. Some there are among the upper classes, who have lately set noble examples, and, at a great pecuniary sacrifice, have given their peasants freedom; but they are looked upon in the same light by their compatriots, as would be a liberal slave proprietor of the "*Southern States*" of America.

I have conversed with many on the subject of emancipation, and though some declared, that they conceived it might be effected with little loss to themselves, and that it would be for the benefit of the country at large, they scarcely seemed to know how it could be done. The question is involved in such immense difficulty, and so many conflicting interests must be conciliated, that it will be many years ere

a party will be found in Russia strong and daring enough to assail this abominable institution.

The disastrous consequences of the emancipation of our West India negroes, is always brought forward as an argument by the supporters of slavery; and they regard with horror any change capable of entailing such destruction on property, without ameliorating the condition of the bondsman. I have no doubt so sudden a revolution as that of the West Indies, would in Russia be attended with very great danger to public security; it would take some years to render the serf fit for the possession of civil rights, and a certain degree of education would be necessary to prepare him for fulfilling the duties of a free citizen; but is it impossible to effect

this? Might not the change be made gradually and cautiously? And do not the words of the great Catherine, before quoted, strengthen and confirm the opinion, that Russia might be freed without danger to the existing government; and that it is the duty of that government, gradually to prepare the minds of its subjects for so beneficial a change.

Until the children of the soil be free, Russia may vainly hope to possess the preponderance in the scale of nations that her vast territory entitles her to. She may conquer the effeminate Persian, or by the aid of her enormous armies, keep enslaved Poland in subjection; she may march her hosts of serfs to extend her already too wide domains, or to starve the gallant Circassian into amenity to her power; but

never will the nations of Europe feel that the clutch of the Black Eagle is to be feared, that her armies when met by equal numbers, are to be dreaded; never will the wealth of other lands find its way in due proportion, to the traders of the north, or will one thousandth part of the gigantic resources of this mighty empire be developed, till the slave is free, and until thraldom is banished from the land. Endued with many great national qualities, the Russian serf is in every way worthy of freedom. He combines oriental quickness and versatility of talent, with some of the hardy virtues of the north; and though partaking more of Asiatic than European character, in him is to be found many of the elements of national greatness. The blindness of the rulers may still endeavour

to continue this horrid system, and rivet still stronger the bondsman's chain: but let them beware of a nation one day springing into existence, despite all their precautions; let them remember that a trifling cause might kindle a flame in Russia, that governments and armies may vainly endeavour to extinguish.

Then would the vengeance of the slave, liberated by his own right hand, fall swift and heavy on his former masters. Uneducated, unrestrained, and unfit for self-government, he would riot on the ruins of former greatness, and anarchy would deluge the fair cities of Russia. Terrors such as these, are to averted only by mild and judicious government, and by a determination, on the part of the rulers, to recognize the just rights of man. Gradually and surely

might the great work be carried on, changing by custom what custom has established, and altering laws by laws; the work would be grand; the consequence, the dawn of the greatness of Russia. Though Europe might justly dread the ten-fold augmentation of her giant neighbour's power, she would with admiration behold a nation, liberated without the effusion of a drop of blood, and freedom doubly blessed from being freely bestowed.

It is a good sign for the serf, that he who now wears the crown of the Czars is not the owner of a single slave; and though the freedom of the Imperial peasant may be as yet, by force of circumstances, imperfect, still the Russian peasant can tell his sons, how the children of "the Father" wear no bonds, and how that Father desires

the liberty of all who own his sway. God strengthen those ideas in his breast, and should he ever succeed in perfecting so stupendous a work, he may know that twenty-seven million hearts, already devoted to his service, will throb wildly with gratitude to "the Father"—such gratitude as a captive might evince to his liberator, or the prisoner of a dark dungeon might feel towards him who burst his chains, and led him forth to life, liberty, and light.

How glorious, how holy, how immortal the halo that would, for such a deed, encircle his Imperial brow! No prouder wreath was ever bound on hero's helm, or monarch's crown. The praise of the daughters of his country, and the acclamations of an adoring nation, may fall sweet on the warrior's ear, whose brave heart and strong arm had

freed his land from dangerous foes; yet his triumph must be chilled at the remembrance of many companions in arms, whose corpses have strewn the field of fight: but the Imperial deliverer of Russia would give freedom to millions, untainted by a drop of Russian blood, unstained by a single tear: from wild wood, and boundless forest, from the Frozen ocean to the Caspian would one great shout of everlasting freedom rise to Heaven; and their children's children to a thousand generations, would tell of "the Great Father," who first burst the long-worn chain. Visionary all this may be, and many may consider it a dream of boyish folly; but I despair not of living to see Russia free; and, though it is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the whole nation, that the revolution should be the work of time, and the result of

years of preparation; though at present the horizon of hope seems as dark to the poor serf, as in the earliest periods of the empire, yet still I know that feelings will spread, and that the spirit of freedom which is daily gaining ground in every corner of Europe, will, in spite of police and passports, enter the dominions of the Czar.

Let them meet it if they can—oppose it if they dare; but like the sun-burst after storm and rain, it will shine alike over ice-bound banks and sunny shores; and they will be the really wise who can profit by its light, and establish beneath its kindly rays just laws and free institutions; and by turning the opening minds of men into right channels, will effect a bloodless revolution, and without a struggle, give freedom to their country.

We journeyed on in all the luxury of a comfortable carriage, and horses were ready at each place of relay. The posting in Russia is the best in the world, provided the rank of the traveller is sufficient to command the respect, and enforce the civility of the post-master. The little shaggy horses, whose height rarely exceeds fourteen hands, are endued with wonderful powers of endurance. Those powers are taxed to the utmost by the untiring energy of the coachman, who never ceases from the beginning to the end of the stage to urge the poor beasts by voice, whip, and rein: the flogging never stops for a moment, and it is with them invariably a continual succession of oaths and blows, so that the beasts are always kept to

what we should call in Ireland their "dead best."

They are harnessed four a-breast, and tied to the carriage with ropes; these break continually, but are knotted up again in a minute, and with a low howl from the bearded *mugik*, the ponies are off again, and the little whip goes on as vigorously till the panting beasts are pulled up at the next post-house. Each horse has his own pair of reins, so that the coachman's hands are always full of ropes, which he rattles unmercifully on the flanks of his steeds. In this manner they get on, at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, including stoppages; and in no country is it possible to post so expeditiously and well, as between Moscow and St. Petersburg.

The journeys of the Emperor are effected

with almost incredible speed; he generally travels the distance between the two capitals, in thirty-one hours. A cloud of dust in the horizon tells of his approach, a light *calèche* containing two persons, gallops up; to take off and put to, is not the work of a moment, as the harness is fastened with hooks, and the crowd of peasants have scarcely time to get a glimpse of "the Father," before he is out of sight again, and another cloud of dust is all that remains of the Emperor. Should a horse fall from fatigue, his body is thrown on one side, and the coachman dashes on with the remaining three, as if nothing had happened. In this manner does his Majesty lessen the great distances he is frequently obliged to travel, in his immense empire. In other countries, he generally journeys

in strict incognito, and sometimes even in disguise, as a courier, or *feld-jager*.

Early in the morning after leaving Yajelbitzy, I was roused by a wakeful *mugik*, who evidently appreciating the good effects of what the doctors call matutinal exercise, was making a most unearthly noise on a long pipe, which responded to his apparently great exertion by a screech of fifty bag-pipe power. This vile instrument seemed only to possess three notes, but it made up in quantity what it wanted in quality; and all the pipers in Ireland and Scotland, assisted by the *piferari* of the Campagna, could never rival in discord, this dismal keene. He paraded up and down the small village, while we were changing horses, and certainly it must have been a diabolical noise, for it actually

roused many of the street sleepers, who got up from their stony bed at the call of this barbarous musician. Their slumbers had not been in the least disturbed by the arrival of our two carriages, and the shout of the courier for fresh horses; but the discordant *reveillé* of the piper brought them to life immediately.

We came to Vishney Volotchok to breakfast: this is a small town, where the great canal commences that unites the Volga with a series of rivers and lakes, leading to the Ladoga and Neva, whereby the waters of the Caspian are joined to those of the Baltic. There were a great number of the large flat-bottomed barges peculiar to Russia, lying here; these are generally a hundred yards long, built of rough planks very loosely put together.

They never serve for more than one voyage; and when they arrive at their destination, are broken up for firewood. Timber is so plentiful in the interior, that the transit home would be much more expensive than the first cost of the vessel. They are dragged up the streams, and along the canals by horses, and on the lakes are propelled by a great sail, and a bank of oars of the most primitive construction, while one huge fir tree scooped into the shape of an enormous oar, forms the rudder of this very lively looking craft. They take the whole summer to come from the Caspian to St. Petersburg; and sometimes the frost stops them before they reach their destination, when they have a cool bivouac for the winter in some frozen swamp.

The appearance of these floating habi-

tations is sometimes very grotesque, particularly those employed in carrying hay to the towns from the interior; they resemble a vast rick, a couple of hundred feet in length, creeping slowly along, and when seen from a distance might fairly be taken for the celebrated flying hay-stack, so often alluded to, by young sportsmen. Steam might be applied with great advantage on parts of this immense line of water communication, but could hardly be available for the whole length, as no boat drawing more than two feet and a half of water, can be certain of ascending the Volga in summer.

From Vishny Volotchok, we travelled on to Torgok—famous for its embroidery on leather, and its chicken cutlets; of the former, we had bought many specimens, in the shape of slippers and caps, at St. Peters-

burg, and were delighted to find that we had paid about half what they asked for them here; we, therefore, devoted ourselves exclusively to the cutlets, which were very good and fully merit their European fame. Our kind friends, in whose carriage we were travelling, joined us at dinner, and we were as merry as possible, having already got over two thirds of our long journey.

In the evening, we reached Tver, a town of government, where we crossed the mighty Volga; even here a thousand miles from its mouth, it is a magnificent stream, and seemed to me, as we galloped over the bridge of boats, a good deal broader than the Thames at London Bridge; we rested here for an hour, and after solacing ourselves with the usual tea and cigars, made our-

selves up for the night in great spirits, for the next morning we were to enter Moscow.

About ten the following day, we arrived at the last post; but no change in the appearance of the country gave the slightest indication of our approach to the ancient capital of the Czars. The villages were as straggling and wretched, the forest as wild, the lines of Telegas crawled along as slowly as ever, and their solemn looking drivers sat as apathetically on their loads, as if they intended to creep on at the same pace to all eternity. As we galloped on we ardently watched for the top of every little undulation, in hopes that it would reveal to us, a view of the sacred city, the grand end of our journey, for which we had toiled so far.

At last we descried the park and palace of

Petrofskoi, shortly after, a forest of gilded and painted domes arose on the horizon, bounding a large open plain, and we beheld with delight the thousand minarets of Moscow. The fatigue we felt gave proof of the degeneracy now created by luxurious railroad and steam journeying; the present youth of Great Britain being little accustomed to spend three days and nights in a carriage, little as their fathers would have thought about it. When, therefore, we saw the goal of our voyage within reach, I thought with Napoleon, "that it was full time."

We soon stopped at the great black and white beam, which is laid across all Russian roads, whenever a passport is to be examined; this is not raised to let carriages go through, until it is ascertained that the travellers are persons proper to be admitted

to the hospitalities of an imperial town. Our passport was with our servant in the diligence, but we passed without the slightest difficulty as the General's cook, and valet-de-chambre, and drove under a triumphal arch into Moscow.

## CHAPTER IV.

The ancient city of the Czars—The great fire—Holy paintings—Apparent desolation of Moscow—The Kremlin—Its incongruous character—Magnificent view from the Terrace—Gigantic bell—Anecdote of bell ringing—The Belvidere—Napoleon's view of Moscow—The retreat of the French—Miraculous escape—The gilded chamber—Cathedral Church of the Assumption—Devotion of pilgrims.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE SACRED CITY.

The half barbaric Moscow's minarets
Gleam in the sun, but 'tis a sun that sets!
Moscow! thou limit of his long career
For which rude Charles had wept his frozen tear
To see in vain—he saw thee—how? With spire
And palace fuel to one common fire;
To this the soldier lent his kindling match;
To this the peasant gave his cottage thatch;
To this the merchant flung his hoarded store;
The prince his hall—and Moscow was no more.

BYRON—AGE OF BRONZE.

WHAT a host of feelings crowded on our minds as we entered the ancient City of the

Czars! The glories of St. Petersburg are here eclipsed by the equal splendour, but more historic associations of the old town. Peter's city, though coeval with the greatness of Russia, is but of yesterday, a thing glittering in all the gaudiness of novelty, when compared with the stately and matured beauties of Moscow's Palace covered hills. She is truly the real capital of Russia; the cradle of the Empire. The Holy City of the Greek faith,—around whose name, the halo of great deeds therein performed will for ever shine.

Reft from the conquering Tartars, the cross was on her towers first firmly planted above the humbled crescent; and the Moslem, driven from Muscovy, left the walls he himself had raised to be made a stronghold of his enemies, and a defence of the

Temples of the Christians of the North. Here took root and grew the germ of the power that now exercises so mighty an influence over Europe and Asia. Here was first firmly established the throne of the Czars.

But great though her history may be as the ancient mistress of Russia, and sacred as she is held from her thousand shrines, the story of the deed done at Moscow, in our own times, is that whereon she rests her immortal fame. On her hills was celebrated the greatest sacrifice ever made by a nation to a country's cause. All holy, and ancient, rich, beautiful, and beloved, as she was, she was rendered a willing offering by Russians to the safety of Russia. Through the dire necessity of the times, it became indispens-

able that the idol of every Russian's heart should be given to destruction. The invader was already in her streets, a resistless army had taken possession of her palaces; the spoiler had desecrated her shrines; but, in the midst of his triumph, of his plunder and of his spoil, a cry is heard,—smoke is seen,—here and there a gleam of fire,—till, in a few hours, the whole city is one vast volcano. Moscow falls—but Russia is saved. A hecatomb of blazing streets, welcomed the invader to her conquered walls. He reached forth his arm red with conquest to clasp the phantom love of his ambitious heart, to the possession of which he had devoted every energy of his mighty mind, and wasted the lives of the bravest children of France. That phantom when touched, melted from his

grasp, and a heap of ashes, a mass of calcined walls, was all that the conqueror conquered at Moscow.

It was here that the star, whose favouring influence had lighted the child of destiny from obscurity to a throne, set for ever; for the terrible virtue of the children of the north, first turned against him the tide of fortune. It was not on Leipsic's bloody field, nor in the disasters of the campaign of 1814, that Napoleon experienced his greatest reverse; these were but the consequences of the days of the great fire. For no sooner did the light of the blazing city spread over the continent, than many a vengeful shaft was pointed at the wounded lion, and the fire of Moscow was the beacon that roused again into action the paralyzed powers of Europe. It was here the first

wound was given, and Napoleon's good genius left him for ever at the Kremlin.

Of all the towns and cities in Europe that I have seen, (excepting Edinburgh), this is the most picturesque; and though her minarets and gilded domes might not strike an Oriental traveller so much as they did us; to me, who have not seen the glorious east, she appeared beyond anything novel and lovely. The town is built on a series of undulations and low hills, so that from the sides or summit of each acclivity, beautiful views of streets, palaces, and churches, are continually obtained. The streets are wide, but as badly paved as those in every Russian town.

The houses generally stand apart from one another, and are separated by small courts or gardens. In one street, called

the street of gardens, which encircles half the town, a small plot of ground containing trees and shrubs lies between each dwelling and the street. These little *parterres* are very badly kept, but the *coup-d'œil* of the whole is very fine, as the carriage way is broader than Portland Place, and the houses for the most part are very handsome.

The nominal boundary of the city is said to be thirty versts in circumference; but this includes a quantity of waste ground, and a number of gardens, parks, and monasteries. The city itself, however, is of the most enormous dimensions, and its scanty population, added to the wideness of the streets, gives an air of desolation to every scene.

Seven-eighths of Moscow were destroyed

in the great fire of 1812, and the rebuilding, which was entirely finished in a few years, has been done on the most approved principles of Russian architecture. The churches, however, have retained their oriental character, and are invariably surmounted by a number of small domes, painted in gaudy colours, or gilt, and united together by small chains. In the front of every church, there are always placed two low, open towers for the bells. These form the great pride of the Greek priests, and are rung by ropes attached to the clappers. By this means, one ringer can work a team of seven, or eight, big and little, and generally succeeds in making a most discordant noise; it is, however, said to be very sweet to the ears of the faithful.

The walls of every sacred edifice in

Moscow, are covered on the outside with paintings, representing various holy subjects; but usually emblematical of the exploits of the Saint to whom the building is dedicated. The churches being very numerous, afford a great field for the exhibition of the painter's taste; his genius, however, is more often devoted to the development of the gorgeous vestments of his personages, than to the expression of feature or form.

An outer boulevard, planted with trees, encircles the whole city, while a smaller one surrounds the Kremlin and Bazaar; the latter is a favourite resort in the summer evenings for the *beau monde* of Moscow.

If St. Petersburg seems deserted from the great width of her streets, and a population comparatively small in proportion to her size, Moscow is ten-fold more deso-

late; with the exception of the immediate neighbourhood of the Bazaar, and space before the walls of the Kremlin, the streets are absolutely deserted. Our landlord warned us of the danger of walking about at night, as he said robberies were frequent; but I fancy that his fears were groundless, and that street thieves would drive but a poor trade in the thoroughfares of Moscow; for this simple reason, that after nightfall, they would never meet any one to rob. The space whereon the town stands, would easily afford habitation for more than a million, while the actual population scarcely exceeds three hundred thousand souls.

The Kremlin is, of course, the first and greatest attraction: it stands on a slight eminence over the river Moskwa, an insignificant stream. It is surrounded by a

wall, an English mile in circumference, varying from twenty to forty feet in height, and surrounded by a curious battlement of Saracenic form. The Kremlin was originally a fortress, and in the days of ancient warfare must have been a place of considerable strength. It first contained the Palace of the Tartar chiefs, who then reigned in Moscow; afterwards, some churches and a convent were added in the eastern style, under the early Christian sway; but now all is changed: the courts of the Kremlin are filled with a host of large buildings in the Russo antique style of architecture, the senate house, arsenal, barracks, old and new palaces, convents, guard-houses, &c., are all of that order, so justly ridiculed by de Custine; the churches, a remnant of the old Tartar

palace, and the tower of Ivan Veliki, being the only remains of oriental architecture now extant.

The interior of the Kremlin, therefore, differs in nothing, save a little irregularity, from the new streets of the restored town. But the finishing stroke to this incongruity of style, so ill-befitting the sacred ground whereon these modern innovations stand, is the new palace, now rising on the site of the ancient habitation of the Czars. It is an enormous pile, without the smallest pretensions to architectural beauty, and looks more like a Manchester cotton factory than the Imperial residence of the sacred Kremlin.

How the Russian committee of taste could have induced themselves to set up an eye-sore of such gigantic proportions

on so holy a spot, can only be conceived by those who have mused upon the edifices of Trafalgar Square. They might have left the old palace as it was: but if an Imperial residence was wanting in Moscow, and it was necessary that it should stand on this place, with the talent for imitation that the Russians are known to possess, why not have copied the Alhambra in the courts of the Kremlin?

In the interior of this renowned fortress, therefore, thanks to the outrageous taste of the Russian architects of latter years, we found nothing to impress our minds with reverence or awe, save the memories of the past; but they fortunately could not remove by brick and plaster imitations of Grecian porticoes and antique façades, the glorious and unequalled view from the terrace of the

Kremlin, from its battlemented walls, or from the summit of its towers.

On the day I saw it first, I looked down on a wide mass of painted roofs and gilded towers glittering in the noon-day sun, and I thought my eyes had never feasted on a more magnificent panorama of the habitations of man. The Moskwa flowed just beneath our feet; the great edifice of the Foundling Hospital gracing its banks on our left hand, while to the right the stream wandered in tortuous windings, till it became lost in the grey distance. On the opposite bank lay a wide expanse of green roofs, and minarets, of every colour and every form, beyond which were seen the high towers and wide gardens of the Seminoff and Douskoi monasteries. Far away lay another mass of town; till the eye rested on the woody heights of the sparrow

hills, from whose summits the wearied French troops first beheld the glories of Moscow, and thought their toils ended, and Russia conquered.

The place from whence this magnificent view is obtained, is now strewed with stones and bricks; while at the foot of the bank that slopes down to the wall, were placed several small lime kilns in full work, and wooden huts, for the numerous workmen employed in the new palace. With difficulty we made our way, over heaps of rubbish, to the gigantic bell which stands on a granite pedestal near the foot of the tower of Ivan Veliki. This iron tongued giant, cast by order of the Empress Anne, at an enormous expense, is like any other bell in the world, "only more so." It is called the Czar Kolokol, or the King of bells,—a distinction it is fully

worthy of. In his hearing, when his Majesty was on speaking terms with his subjects, no great Tom, treble bob major, or any of the church calling fraternity could have dared to wag a presumptuous tongue; for even in this bell-ringingest of all towns, where their number and magnitude form the pride of the priests, and the annoyance of strangers—this huge bell is treble the size of any of his brethren.

However his eminence, the prince, got a fall one day, owing I believe to a fire that burned his wooden supports, and down he came with an awful crash, knocking a great piece, a foot and a half thick, out of his lip, and burying himself in a vault, where he remained in silence, and darkness, for a great number of years. He was brought to light again by the present Emperor, and contri-

butes, I should imagine, much more to the happiness of the Muscovites sitting silently on his pedestal, than deafening the neighbours by his conversations in the tower.

I have unfortunately a great dislike to a continual ringing of bells, and as I was lying in bed the other morning, half deafened by the peals of the neighbouring churches, all going like mad, I could not help laughing at the remembrance of an incident, that happened at Parma under similar circumstances.

The hotel was close to a Church, and as it was very much crowded, my tutor (an Irishman) and I slept in the same room; I was very tired, as we had arrived late, and had not been asleep long, when we were awoke by the sound of a huge bell, which a pious monk was ringing for matins in a church tower within ten yards of our window. I was

wide awake and endeavouring to stop my ears, and go to sleep again if possible, when I heard poor B— get up, and walk to the window, out of which he looked for some time, but finding I suppose, that it was very cold and that there was no chance of communicating his wishes to the bell-ringer, he swore that it was a barbarous country,— crawled back to bed cursing Popery and Papists and as he lay down, I heard him sleepily muttering, "By the holy! if I had that fellow in Dublin I'd indict him for a nuisance!" Poor B— how he did hate those Italian bells, and with what delight would he have seen the King of the tribe wounded and silent, sitting on a stone at Moscow.

After we had feasted our eyes for some time on the glorious view from the terrace, we scrambled into a corner of the new

palace through a hole in the wall, and sent our valet-de-place in search of some one to show us what little remains of the old Tartar buildings. We witnessed some sad demolition of arabesque painting, though I believe this is to be re-done in the same style. We climbed some curiously narrow staircases, whose stone steps were elaborately and deeply carved, and were surprised and delighted at finding ourselves in a small palace called the Belvidere, in excellent preservation.

This is supposed to have been the harem of the Tartar Princes, and still remains exactly in its original state. The first floor consists of three small vaulted rooms, whose walls and ceiling are covered with paintings in oil, of the most beautiful arabesques.

There is some new furniture of the

ancient form, and the narrow windows with coloured glass give these little chambers a most voluptuous appearance. The paintings have evidently been lately renewed, but I believe that the rooms are untouched in shape, and are quaint enough to have been the bowers of the daughters of Tamerlane. We ascended another narrower staircase, whose walls were adorned in the same manner, and entered a large room built on the flat roof of the palace, ornamented likewise with the most gaudy arabesques. From the terrace outside, we enjoyed a still more extended view of the city and its environs.

It was to this spot that Napoleon, on the first day of his short stay in Moscow, mounted to behold all the beauties of his glorious conquest. Here stood the victorious

chief and looked forth on the wide expanse of city, that he might now call his own, the most glorious prize ever yet won by his gallant armies. Silently and submissively the conquered town lay in the summer sun; the inhabitants were gone, no one knew whither, and an air of solitude and mystery hung over the deserted walls; but on the morrow what a terrible change was there! the mass of intended spoil was gone—was melted away. Two days after, Moscow ceased to exist, and the conqueror with difficulty escaped from the universal desolation.

Houseless, starving, dispirited, and beaten by the elements, the soldiers of the grand army turned their backs on the smoking heap of ashes, on the cinders of the luxurious city whose palaces they expected

to have made their winter's home. In a few days all the fury of a Russian winter burst on their devoted heads, and the frozen breath of the icy blast, bore, ever and anon to their dismayed ears, the howl of the implacable Cossack. With the horrors of that famous retreat, all my readers are doubtless familiar through the graphic description of M. de Ségur. I trust that it has shewn to the world the countless woes that the unbounded ambition of one man can inflict on his fellow creatures: and that

"War's a game that were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes . . . . ,
Who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy, the world."

The different courts of the Kremlin lay

below us, as on a map, but I vainly asked for several spots of historical interest. The ground whereon many a heroic deed was done, and many a dark crime committed is now covered with plastered barracks or whitewashed offices. History is little thought of in Russia, and a new guard-room is more admired than an ancient monument. The sacred Kremlin might have escaped from the plaster of Paris mania; and that which the great fire spared might have been left as it was. But the past to a Russian is in reality as "an old Almanac;" the recollection of the rapid growth of their Empire is lost in their admiration of present greatness, or in the anticipations of the glorious but mysterious future. Everything that is old is to be made new; and the new is for ever to be renewed.

The Kremlin suffered little by the explosion which followed the departure of the French. Of three enormous portions of powder, intended for the total destruction of the whole structure, only one took fire. The tops of some of the towers crumbled down, together with a great part of the walls, but the churches and many of the more modern buildings were scarcely injured. A picture of a Saint over one of the entrances had a miraculous escape; the spire of the gateway fell to within a few feet above the painting, and the only injury it sustained, was a slight crack in the glass of its case; amid the general ruin and desolation, the little lamp still burned brightly before the holy picture, a fit emblem of hope to those by whose virtue Russia had been saved.

On our descent from the Belvidere, we

were shewn a very old hall called "the gilded chamber" wherein the ancient Czars and the patriarchs used to take high council together. The walls and ceiling are entirely covered with gold leaf, as also are some plain iron bars, that run across the room, and seem as if meant to be supports to the walls: the floor is made of small squares of oak, most rudely put together, and the gloomy apartment looks a council chamber fit for such a ruler as was Ivan the Terrible. Their deliberations must have been carried on under very adverse physical circumstances, as they sat in small niches in the wall about four feet from the ground, with their legs hanging down—rather an undignified and uncomfortable posture for legislation! These are the only parts of the old palace left entire.

We were fain to get out of the dust of

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lime and bricks into the quiet and incensed gloom of the Cathedral Church of the Assumption. This is a very holy place, and is the church wherein the Emperors are crowned. It is very small, as are all the old places of worship in Moscow, but contains a quantity of treasure, gold, silver, and precious stones. The French robbed this Church of every thing, as they did every place in Moscow, which the fire spared, but the gifts of the devout have restored many of the holy pictures to their early splendour. A diadem round the head of the Virgin, contains the most magnificent diamonds, and the screen and pillars are covered with representations of all the sainted in their full dress of plates of gold and silver.

Mass was going on when we entered the church, and a number of people of both sexes were devoutly kissing the numerous and holy

relics that hang around the walls. Many of them were poor people, who had come from distances to worship at the sacred shrines, whose devotion and self-inflicted sufferings equal the strictest penance worship of Roman Catholic pilgrims.

## CHAPTER V.

Mode of worship of the pilgrims to Moscow and Kiev—Reverential bows—Sacred candles—Religious antics—Tombs of the Czars—The Holy Gate—Church of St. Basil—The Bazaar—Varied costume of the inhabitants of Moscow—Feast of our lady of Cazan—Procession of priests—Picture of the Virgin—Russian opera—Government management—Tartar church and Moslem devotions.

# CHAPTER V.

## THE SACRED CITY.

Whanne that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath pierced to the rote,

* * * * *

Than longen folk to go on pilgrimages,

* * * * *

The holy blissful martyr for to seke
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

CHAUCER.

I CANNOT tell whether Kiev or Moscow is reckoned the more holy place, by the devotees of the Greek Church; but a vast number of pilgrims annually resort to both cities, and a slight provision is made by government for the wants of the poorer

wanderers, who come from distant parts to worship at the golden shrines of these sacred towns.

The mode of worship generally practised by pilgrims, is to go to the different churches, and the Madonnas, which hang in the streets, and there perform a series of genuflexions and prostrations; though I do not think that they actually repeat so many words of prayer as do the worshippers of the Latin Church. In bowings, kneelings, prostrations, &c., however, they beat them hollow; for a Russian, of the lower class in Moscow seldom passes a church or a saint, without exhibiting a series of religious gymnastics that is quite astonishing to behold. They take off their hats, and make a bow—not an English nod, or Italian reverence, but a motion whereby the whole body, from the hips upwards, is sent down towards

the knees with as much force as possible, and is brought up again all standing, with a shock that sends their long hair flying in every direction; then they cross themselves with the rapidity of lightning, and after repeated bows and innumerable gestures of different kinds, they go on their way rejoicing.

The holy activity of some of the poor old women astonished me much, for they, in their excess of piety, knelt down, and then actually placed the very crown of their heads on the ground, a position, that appeared to me very curious at first—as my firm impression was, that the old lady who happened to be very lightly clad at the time, intended to turn head over heels. This mode of worship, I was not at all prepared to witness, and felt considerably relieved when the poor creature

got up again, without any sign of a coming fit of apoplexy. This unpleasant position, for a woman of seventy, however, did not seem to disagree with her, for she repeated her devotions several times in the course of five minutes.

The priests and the attendants keep an excellent business in the sale of the wax candles, purchased by most pilgrims, and which are left lighted before the picture of the favourite saint. These candles vary from six inches to the size of a taper in thickness, and are bought and placed as a votive offering to the holy picture. However, the saint does not profit by all their light, as the men who take care of the shrines, justly arguing, that one or two candles are sufficient for the few wants of his or her holiness, put away the remainder

of the votive tapers, and they are presently worked up into fresh candles, to suit the pious demands of the next comer.

The inhabitants of Moscow, both male and female, are infinitely more devout, after their fashion, than those of St. Petersburg; the priests are also more numerous, and as far as I could judge during so short a stay, seemed sunk in a very low state of ignorant superstition. I should be sorry to laugh at, or to ridicule any ceremonies, however tainted by superstition, calculated to lead the mind to thoughts of a holy character, or to the just contemplation of the sacred mysteries; but, really, when I see that a people's religion consists in placing themselves in absurd and uncomfortable positions, or in the performance of feats of activity, I own I am

more apt to laugh than to feel either compassion for their ignorance, or a wish for their enlightenment. This may be wrong—I believe it is; but let any one go to Russia, and witness the antics that are daily practised in the streets, under the name of prayer, and if he does not smile at first, why all I can say is, that he is either a great deal wiser than I am, or less easily made to laugh.

After we had inspected all the treasures and curiosities of the Cathedral of the Assumption, which were so numerous, and so like all other relics, that I have a very indistinct recollection of them, we crossed the court to the Church of St. Michael, where most of the sovereigns of Russia, before the time of Peter the Great, are buried; their bodies lie in the same sort

of stone coffins as those in the church of the citadel in St. Petersburg; and this small space is quite filled with the remains of the illustrious dead. I am ashamed to say, that I was not then at all conversant with the history of the earlier years of Russian rule; the tombs of the various Czars, therefore, did not interest me as much as they ought to have done. I knew but little of the lives of the emperors, tyrants, and heroes who rested here. Indeed, I believe few people do: so I heard a great many names and imposing titles with the greatest apathy, got out of the sepulchre as quickly as I could, and returned gladly to another enjoyment of the glorious view from the terrace.

After sauntering about for some time, we drove out of the Kremlin through

the Spaskoi or Holy Gate. Every one who passes these sacred portals takes off his hat, and each Russian crosses himself as usual; we of course uncovered our heads as demurely as possible—a custom never neglected by a passer by of any rank whatsoever; for the Emperor and the *mugik* equally salute this entrance to the sacred fortress. I believe it is not known whence this ceremony originated, even many tongued tradition is silent on the subject; but, whatever was the reason of the custom being first instituted, it is so rigidly observed, that a Russian could with difficulty be found, who, for any consideration, would dare to walk covered through the Holy Gate.

On issuing from its portals, we found ourselves in the large place between the

walls of the Kremlin and the Bazaar, and right in front of, perhaps, the most extraordinary building in the world. It is the Church of St. Basil, a perfect harlequin of architecture, a conglomeration of every style. Its walls and doors are of the most grotesque shape and size; its roof consists of a forest of minarets, domes, and spires, placed as if they had been all shaken together in a bag, and dropped out on the walls in the most perfect confusion. These excrescences are painted every colour in the rainbow, and the whole thing more resembles some gaudy ornament done in sugar, by an insane confectioner, than a real place of Christian worship.

The building was a freak of the amiable Ivan the Terrible, who wished for a place of worship, (little good prayer did him I

fear !) where eleven services could be conducted at one time, without one interfering with the other. He gained his wish, and so pleased was he with his acquisition, that he good-humouredly put out the eyes of the Italian artist who designed it, lest forsooth, he might go and make so great a concatenation of absurdity for any one else. I never saw such an architectural mass of shape and colour, and it is the only building I have beheld in my various travels that really made me laugh.

The interior is as comical as the outside; it is a perfect honeycomb of passages and little chapels, each fitted up with altar and screen after the proper manner of the Greek Church. It is a caricature; but a very good one, and I hope it may last to amuse future ages as much as it did us.

After we left this extraordinary church, we wandered into the Bazaar. This is surrounded by a high wall, surmounted by the same Tartar battlements as the Kremlin. It consists of a confused series of narrow arcades, whose sides are lined with small shops, and the stores of different wares are classed together in separate quarters. Each little stall is about twelve or fourteen feet square, and every passer by is anxiously solicited to purchase, by the indefatigable owner, who stands in front of his property. The Exchange, a very small building, is in this quarter; and the mercantile business of the town seems to be principally carried on under these arcades; but the larger and better shops are generally situated in some of the great streets of the city.

We saw an immense number of packages,

starting on waggons drawn by oxen for the fair of Nijni. Alas! it does not begin for three weeks; we are obliged to return long before that time, so are constrained to forego the pleasure of witnessing that renowned mart for the produce of the East and West.

The arcades of the Bazaar are the only places in Moscow where there is any appearance of life, and though a crowd is rarely seen, people in this quarter are continually during the day passing and repassing in numbers; at half past seven, the shopkeepers shut up their shops; these are barred, locked, and sealed, the latter being the best precaution against robbery, in Russia, and the passages of the Torgovi Riadi are soon as silent as any other parts of this half desert city.

The varied costumes of the inhabitants of Moscow render any collection of people therein exceedingly picturesque. Russians, Jews, Tartars, Armenians and Circassians, wear their national dress, and though the Christian garb prevails, in a hundred fold proportion, the flowing robes of the orientals, who are here seen in considerable numbers, give an Eastern appearance to the narrow streets of the Bazaar. The silken gown, long sleeves, and high fur cap, of the swarthy Armenian, contrast well with the dark caftan of the bearded Russian; and though it does not present such a variety of costume, as does a town nearer the confines of the East, Moscow contains a more motley population than almost any city of Christian Europe.

This town is completely devoid of the lions usually so attractive and amusing to the visitors

of most continental towns, and which form the glory and gain of the valet-de-place fraternity. Here are no galleries of pictures to be admired, ruins to be inspected, or public buildings of any beauty to be visited. The mere sight seeing in Moscow could be *got over* with diligence in two days; but the absence of lionizing was to us charming, and the novelty of the scene and the beauty of the different views that presented themselves at every turn, gave us delightful employment every day.

We wandered about the precincts of the Kremlin and Bazaar, dined in the cafés, stared at every person and thing we met, and every moment saw some object, which to our uninitiated eyes, seemed curious and new.

One day we found a procession of a hundred priests marching in order from

a church in the Bazaar, to the Cathedral of the Assumption. It was the feast of our Lady of Cazan: the Metropolitan assisted at the ceremony within the church, but did not walk in the procession; the priests were clothed in gorgeous vestments of cloth of gold, the manufacture of which is brought to great perfection in Moscow. Their appearance was most patriarchal; for over these rich and shining robes their long hair and beards fell flowing. They carried innumerable banners of gold and silver, of such immense weight that each was supported by four or six men. As they passed the guard turned out, the drums rolled, and the long train wound through one of the gates of the Kremlin in slow and solemn time. The people stood reverently with their hats off, crossing themselves and bowing, though they bent not the

knee, as they do in honour of the sacred processions, in Roman Catholic countries.

After the long file of priests had passed into the Kremlin, and the aged Metropolitan had departed in his carriage, we observed a curiously shaped coach and four coming down the street; we saw from the reverence evinced towards it by the people, that it evidently contained some object of peculiar sanctity. This was a picture of the Virgin that hangs over one of the gates of the Kremlin; her holiness had been assisting at the ceremonies within the church and was now returning in state to her niche in the wall; she was placed with great care on the seat of the carriage, and attended by two priests. On arriving at the gate she was taken out with the most profound respect, and soon resumed her duties in witnessing the numerous

reverences wherewith the passers by are continually saluting her.

One night we went to the Russian theatre, and saw an opera in the English style, that is to say, dialogue interspersed with songs, and recitative. This was the only time we had an opportunity of hearing Russian carefully or properly spoken; it was sweet but forcible, and sounded to me as soft and musical as Italian, with a much greater variety of intonation. Of course we could not understand a word of what was said, and could make out very little of the plot; the scene was evidently laid in Russia, and the adherence to national costume was so correct, that the chorus and minor actors looked as if they had just walked out of the street on the stage. The prima donna had not much voice, and was very apathetic, but

pretty. The favourite performer was evidently a tenor, who came on in his sheep-skin coat, and sang songs with great spirit, making every one laugh except ourselves.

The orchestra and chorus were immensely strong, and I counted more than a hundred people on the stage at one time; these, together with eighty instrumental performers, made a considerable noise. The theatre is magnificent, and is nearly as large as the great San Carlo. The pit was filled with arm chairs; but with nothing else, as the house was almost empty, and the immense dimly lighted area looked very dreary.

There was a pause of three quarters of an hour between the first and second acts, and the third was left out altogether; these little alterations, however, the audience bore with-

out a murmur. I fancy this arrangement was made on account of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, who came very late, and in honour of whom "Les trois Polkas" was played by an indifferent French company.

I never saw the government management appear so palpably, as to-night; for the performance did not commence till the Governor had taken his seat, some time after the hour announced; and then the second act of the opera was delayed for three quarters of an hour, in order to permit Prince Frederick to hear as small a portion of Russian as possible. There is no use in drawing comparisons; I have avoided as much as I could measuring things in other countries by our British standard of excellence, for travellers should leave as many of their patriotric prejudices as pos-

sible at home; but I could not help thinking that were we in the Strand instead of the great Place of the city of Moscow, the probabilities are, that the interior decorations of the theatre would, before the three quarters of an hour had elapsed, have adorned the streets outside; and that Governor, performers, Prince, and all, would most likely have taken themselves off, in the shortest manner, or have had to await the consequences of a regular row. Be that as it may, no rebellious tongues, among the small audience here, dared to express even impatience, and they sat as silently and quietly doing nothing, as if they had been in a conventicle.

On Friday, the Moslem sabbath, we visited the Tartar church, to witness the mode of worship practised by the Mahometans, resi-

dent in Moscow. I doubt that such a scene can be witnessed elsewhere; as in the countries under Moslem rule an Infidel is never permitted to witness their religious ceremonies, and with difficulty obtains admittance to the interior of a mosque;—but here it is all public.

Their place of worship was a small room of the rudest construction; the walls were not even plastered, and some dirty looking silver candelabras, hanging from the ceiling, were the only ornaments of the temple; the floor was covered with carpets, and a raised stool was placed in a corner for the officiating priests. The faithful came in one by one; they put off their shoes at the door, and sat down, cross-legged on the carpets. The priests were distinguished by white turbans,

the end of which they carefully loosened when they began their devotions. One of these went to the door, and commenced a cry so wild and strange, that with the greatest difficulty I kept my countenance. I never heard such a howl; it was something between the shriek of a dying hare, and the cries of a man in a state of painful insanity; the whole accompanied by the most horrible grimaces.

This impressive invitation to prayer lasted about three minutes, when the Tartars mustered in number about forty. As each entered he took up a position on the carpet, put his heels together, and commenced proceedings by touching the tips of his ears; with his thumbs; he then bowed once, or twice, touched the ears again, and went down all fours on the carpet, with the forehead to the ground;

each person seemed to pray independantly at first, but when all had finished their private devotions, the old priest, who performed the part of muezzin, handed another old gentleman a large stick, with a silver knob; assisted by this he mounted the raised step in the corner, and commenced chanting something in a low, monotonous tone of voice, partaking slightly of the nature of the cry outside the door. This lasted about a quarter of an hour, and was listened to with great reverence, by the rest who were all squatting quietly on the carpets.

As soon as the priest had finished his prayer or discourse, whichever it was, they all started up, formed themselves into four lines, and went through the same exercises together — taking the time from the old

priest. This ceremony lasted for five minutes, when they resumed their boots, and went away.

## CHAPTER VI.

Monastic establishments in Russia—Convent of St. Simon—Abstinence from ablution and meat—Troitzkoi convent—The New Jerusalem—Droschky races—A motley assemblage—Variety of equipages—The racing droschky—Horses—Apathy of the spectators—Gypsies—Foundling Hospital at Moscow—Foundlings of both sexes—Their education—Lying-in-Hospital—School of Trade—Apparent desolation of Moscow—Departure of exiles to Siberia—The knout—Treasury of the Kremlin—Constitutional Charter of Poland—Coronation chairs—Saddle of the Empress Catherine—Last view of Moscow—Journey back to St. Petersburg—Novogorod—Arrival of a Russian Princess—Sentiment and smoking.

# CHAPTER VI.

## RETURN.

Sublime tobacco! which from east
Cheers the Tar's labour or the Turkman's rest,
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides,
Magnificent in Stambol, but less grand,
Though not less loved in Wapping or the Strand,

BYRON.

THE monastic establishments in the neighbourhood of Moscow are very numerous. These still retain a considerable portion of their ancient wealth and influence. Although the greater part of their landed property has for some time been appropriated by govern-

ment, the monks preserve a vast share of importance, and the dignitaries of the Greek Church are invariably selected from their number. They are not divided into orders, like those of the Latin Church, but are all subject to the same rules. They lead as lazy a life as their brethren in other countries, and few works of any literary merit ever emanate from the Russian cloisters.

The convent of St. Simon is rendered conspicuous from every elevation in Moscow, by its lofty tower and gilded dome. It is one of the best situations in the neighbourhood for a general view of the city; and from the terraced roof of its principal church, a beautiful distant view of the town is obtained. The churches of the Seminoff are not remarkable. We were shown over the precincts by a young monk, a very good humoured fellow, who appeared to fancy that Britain was the anti-

podes to Russia; for when he heard that we came from England, he looked astonished and said, "Oh that is far, very far." In spite of his abstinence from meat, he seemed in excellent health; but his good looks far exceeded his cleanliness, and I think that his vows of abstinence from flesh, extended also to ablution.

There is a convent called Troitzkoi at a distance of sixty versts from the town, which is said to contain immense riches, and whose shrines, covered with precious stones, exceed in value the decorations of any place of worship in the world. The French never reached it, so that it remained untouched by those unscrupulous marauders. It is supposed to be impregnable, for in ages gone by it has stood repeated sieges from Tartars and Poles; but the hand of the spoiler has never yet dese-

crated its altars. We did not think brilliants and gold pictures were worth two days' journey, and we contented ourselves with hearing of the fame of the Troitzkoi from our friend, Mr. Y—— who appeared to revere relics when surrounded by diamonds, considerably.

Another convent, called "the New Jerusalem," situated about the same distance from the city, contains a chapel in every way the fac simile of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is also far from Moscow; and as I hope one day to tread the holy ground, and to bend before Calvary, I disregarded the advice of my friends, and did not perform a pilgrimage to the New Jerusalem.

The greater number of the inhabitants of the higher class leave the town at this time of year, and those who are proprietors of lands,

unlike their fellow countrymen at St. Petersburg generally pass a portion of the summer on their distant estates. Some of the oldest families in the Empire still cling to the ancient capital, and many who are not in service, find from inclination or circumstances, the old town a more suitable residence than the new. We unfortunately saw nothing of Muscovite society; this grieved us much, as it is considerably more Russian than that of the metropolis, and we sorely regretted not having had an opportunity of seeing the descendants of the Boyards in their own city. Our kind friends, whose carriage we had travelled in, both left Moscow a day or two after our arrival—one for a few days, and the other on a distant journey of service to the far south; we therefore knew no one in the town, and our letters from St. Petersburg were of no use,

as the people to whom they were addressed had gone to the country.

One evening we drove out to an open plain, lying on one side of the road to St. Petersburg, to see some droschky races. It was a lovely evening. The sun was setting behind the boundless plain, and gilding alike with his rays the wild trees of the forest, and the minarets and domes of the Holy City. The population of Moscow had come out in great numbers, and sun never shone on a more varied assemblage of the subjects of one ruler. The Christian Russian, and Moslem Tartar stood side by side; the wandering Bohemian, the Muscovite girl, and the peasant of the plains, mingled with the high born daughters of the land — Armenians, Circassians, Kalmucks, Jews, Cossacks, Tartars, and soldiers of every service and climate, were crowded together.

Nations of every land from the burning shores of the Caspian to the frozen plains of Lapland —worshippers of many Gods, but serving the same Master, the one Man.

Nor were the equipages of this extraordinary country wanting, to enliven this quaint and varied scene. The graceful droschky in all its varieties, and the painted kibitka with their light arches over the necks of the horses, were mixed with the calèches and carriages of the upper classes, driven by their bearded and caftaned coachmen.

It was a wonderful sight for the stranger. The beauty of the evening, the distant palace of Petrofskoi, with its red and white towers, the boundless forest, the camp of the soldiery, the immense city with her countless domes, and the dark line of the Sparrow hills, formed

a picture which will dwell for ever in my memory.

The droschky races were ran round a small oval course about half a verst in circumference: three distinct courses are made, one inside the other, divided by rails:—one droschky occupies each, they are therefore started at such distances from one another, the horse on the outside course so far a head of the middle one, and the middle one so far before the inside that all three go over the same distance. The horses were all trotters, and ran for government money. A boy in a fantastic dress rode along side each of the racers on a galloping pony, who at the end of the course seemed more beat than the trotter. What the object of this was, I do not know, but I suppose they fancy it makes the horses go steadier; and

prevents him from bolting. We should think it the very thing to make the trotter break into a gallop.

The racing droschky is but a light plank placed on four wheels extremely well joined, and finished very neatly; the driver sits astride on the plank, and places his feet on little steps fastened just over the inside of the axle of the fore wheels; like all Russian coachmen he holds his reins in separate hands, with outstretched arm; and appeared to our eyes as if he was balancing himself by the horses' mouth.

The horses among whom were some of the best trotters in Moscow, were the beau ideal of Russian beauty. They were very tall, with long though good legs, light in the carcase, but superbly shaped in the head, neck, and

shoulders—these latter perhaps straighter than we should like; but as they are intended only for draught this is rather a merit. They certainly looked very handsome as they walked about champing their light snaffles, the only bit known in Russia. Their symmetry is greatly increased by the graceful wooden arch attached to the shafts, whereto a light bearing rein is always fastened. Their condition was not what we should call good; they were all rather fat, and seemed to have had quite enough of it, when they had trotted their mile and a half.

Three started first, and certainly they did go at a tremendous rate for so small a course; it was all good, honest trotting—for a running pace is not permitted. They went their best from end to end, and when

they began to tire towards the close of the course the drivers rattled the reins on their backs, and holload at them to very little purpose, for they were nearly all dead beat. The races were seldom well contested, and one horse generally won quite easily. Altogether it was too machine-like to be very exciting, and the people evidently thought so too, for they looked on with very little interest, and no shout or even a murmur proclaimed the success of a popular winner. But on no occasion or in no assembly in Russia, a popular cry either of acclamation or displeasure is ever raised, so universally does the spirit of submission and a passiveness amounting almost to fatalism, hang over the people.

This appeared doubly strange to me, accustomed to the great excitement attending

all country races among my own inflammable people, where the success of a favourite is celebrated by a volley of hats and sticks, sent as high into the air as their owners can throw them, such a hurrah as is never heard out of the Emerald Isle, and a general rush to get a look at the "darlint that tuk the hate;" but here the horses started, ran, lost, or won, without gaining even a cheer from the spectators. The people looked on quietly, seeming just amused, but that was all.

I find myself again doing what I before blamed, comparing things in Russia with those at home; but this is excusable for once, as describing or attending a race of any kind always puts me in mind of "Ould Ireland," and brings back to my recollection many a day of fun and frolic spent in the

same sport among the wild children of the West, whose favorite amusement this is. So then, begging the reader's pardon for talking so much horse flesh and paddyism, I will return to our Muscovites.

When the races were over we drove through the Petrofskoi Park, and some fields beyond, to a small suburb, which is the favorite resort of the gypsies on all festivals. We had heard much of their beauty and of their singing; but were woefully disappointed by both. On getting out of the carriage, six or seven wild looking and ugly women ran up to us, and begged to be allowed to sing. We then went into a small room in a restaurant, where they immediately set up a simultaneous shout accompanied by a sort of gittern with wire strings; this was supposed to

he music. We asked them to dance; this was the signal for another more discordant howl accompanied by an awful stamping of feet, clapping of hands and blows on their gittern; in fact it was a regular row—we were soon quite bewildered and cried for mercy.

They certainly looked something like gypsies; but are evidently a degenerate race, and not nearly so pure as the Bohemians of other countries. They live in houses in Moscow, and I believe that the beauties and good singers never go out to the *cafés*, and exhibit in this manner. The Russians, however, patronize them greatly, and spend fortunes among them; for the gipsies are exceedingly extravagant, and unlike their sisterhood in England, are much more famed for their beauty and accomplishments, than for their discretion. We were very glad to get away

from these hybrid gitanos, who I leave to the attention of Messrs. Crabbe, Borrow or any other "gipsies' advocate"—assuring them that there is a great field open for their labours, in the reformation of the Muscovite Bohemians.

The Foundling Hospital at Moscow is perhaps the most extensive charitable institution in the world. It is a magnificent building by the side of the Moskwa, and with its gardens, hospitals, and offices, is more than half a mile in circumference. There are two separate establishments in this institution—one for the support, maintenance, and education of children of the poorer officers of the civil and military services—another wherein all babies are received indiscriminately. In the former the children are taken at the age of eight, and

kept till they are eighteen. They receive a first rate education, learning French, German, dancing, drawing and music, and at the end of ten years are quite prepared for any position in society which they may be called upon to fill.

The boys were out of town at one of the many country houses attached to the institution where the pupils of both sexes are annually sent for the benefit of their health. Their numbers are about three hundred boys and three hundred girls. We found on our arrival all the girls in the chapel, where mass was being celebrated. They looked very well, and were all dressed alike in green gowns and white pinafores. But I fear that I cannot praise their good looks, for beauty is distributed among them with a very sparing hand.

We were received by the lady superintendant of this department of the hospital—a charming person who speaks a number of languages and who kindly accompanied us over the whole of *her* kingdom in the great house. Every attention is paid to the comforts of the pupils, and no expense spared to render their education perfect. We were shewn some specimens of their drawing, which exhibited considerable proficiency in the art, and were worthy of any school of design.

Those who evince a taste for music have the advantage of the best masters in Moscow. We saw six pianofortes in six separate small rooms, and we were told that some of the best public singers in Russia had received their education within these walls. They generally employ themselves as governesses or teachers after they leave the hospital; some go on the

stage, and their excellent education renders them fit for any situation.

When we had seen all the apartments belonging to this great school, we bade adieu to the lady governess who took great pains to show us every thing, and seemed to wish that we should see and understand all the details of the institution. We then ascended to the upper story, where we found an immense suite of apartments containing five hundred wet nurses with their youthful charges. They were all dressed in the Russian costume, and each stood at the foot of her bed with the infant in her arms making low bows as we passed. They were very clean but very ugly; and out of five hundred who were nearly all young women, I did not see one who had the slightest pretension to good looks. They get a paper rouble a day and their food; this is

great pay in Russia, and consequently there are an immense number of applicants for the office, which they can only hold for three months. The babies are kept for three weeks in the institution, when they are sent out to nurse. Their adopted mothers receive seven roubles a month from the Institution until the children are able to do something for themselves.

When they are first brought to the hospital the only questions asked to those who carry them there, is their name and whether they have been baptised? If they have not, the ceremony is instantly performed, and when there is no desire to the contrary expressed, they receive the name of the saint whose day it happens to be. They are then washed and clothed; an ivory medal with their number, name, and date of admission inscribed thereon is hung round their necks, corresponding with a card given

to those who bring them; their parents may by these means claim their offspring during the first fourteen years. The poor little animal, deserted by its natural protectors, is thus provided for and is certain of sustenance for the rest of its life. The numbers admitted to these benefits is immense; the average is about twenty-five a day, or more than nine thousand in the year.

A lying-in-hospital is attached to the institution where all persons are attended free of charge. They may come and go without a question, and either take their offspring away with them or leave them to the cares of the establishment. These arrangements are no doubt very charitable, though I believe the morality of the good city of Moscow is little increased thereby. But they want population in Russia.

It is a noble institution, and was first established by Demidoff who endowed it largely; but it is now entirely under the management of government. It was originally intended exclusively for the support of foundlings who were educated within its walls, but the Emperor finding that there were many people in the country more deserving of such advantages, the institution was remodelled, and placed on its present excellent footing. The number of servants, clerks, &c. that are employed in its service is immense, and the Count Zakrewsky, who is Governor and Director General, must find plenty of occupation in regulating its vast details.

There are other institutions connected with the Foundling Hospital, being schools for those who have been originally admitted in their infancy to the establish-

ment; one that we visited, is a large building, wherein many of the foundlings are taught trades. They come in here when they are about eight or ten years old, and stay eight years: they have their choice of their profession and almost every trade known, is taught in the best manner. We found them all busily employed, and saw some specimens of their handiwork in engraving, cabinet-making, turning, and other of the finer trades, executed in the best manner. Their sleeping apartments are kept with the most scrupulous attention to air and cleanliness, and the best proof of the health of the establishment is, that out of four and five hundred boys, all engaged in laborious, and many of them sedentary occupations, we only saw one in hospital. This was a poor little fellow in the last stage of consumption; but he was

not neglected, for a nurse attended upon him night and day.

The place where this institution is situated is the north-eastern corner of Moscow, and our way thither gave us some idea of the magnitude of this immense city. We drove for three quarters of an hour (not very fast however) up and down hill, through streets and lanes all inside the low rampart that marks the boundary of the town. From the tops of some of the hills we had the most charming views; from one eminence in particular whereon a red and white triumphal arch* stands, we looked over the greater part of this magnificent town. These different panoramas of green and red roofs, painted minarets, and countless churches interspersed with waving trees

* This is called "the Red Gate."

(for every house possesses a large garden) form the great charm of Moscow.

The undulation of the ground would give the Holy City of the north a fairer right to the title of the Queen enthroned on hills, than imperial Rome. The mount of the Kremlin is of imposing magnitude, compared with the more classic and ruin covered hills of the Eternal City, and might almost vie in historic association with the ancient Aventine and his brethren; but the sceptre is departed from Moscow, and though the imperial crown is still placed on the brow of the Czar in the Cathedral Church of the Kremlin, the superior accommodation and more matter-of-fact conveniences of Peter's Port have drawn from the old capital all her ancient splendour.

This seems even more sad, as Moscow

is in reality newer than St. Petersburg, for the ground whereon she stands is all that remains of her antique form; her desolation is therefore more apparent; for though the streets of an old town may look melancholy when partly deserted by its inhabitants for more convenient if less romantic habitations, yet the empty thoroughfares of a new city, whose ways are lined with lately erected palaces, are far more gloomy; as are the ravages of consumption in early youth sadder than the gradual decay of age. When the new palace is finished it is expected that the Emperor will reside here more than he has done hitherto, and then perchance the halls of the Kremlin may again be visited by the splendours of a court.

Moscow is gifted with no advantages of natural position; situated in the midst of

inhospitable forests, and sterile plains, its trade is impeded by almost every natural obstacle. There is no water carriage for goods of any weight, and the great distances from whence many of the necessaries, and all the luxuries of life have to be carried, render it more expensive in many respects than St. Petersburg. It is unlikely therefore that she will ever recover any of her ancient importance; and experience has proved in all countries the manifold disadvantages of an Empire possessing two capitals.

One day that I was unable to accompany him, E— went with General B— to witness a departure of exiles for Siberia. There is a prison depôt on the Sparrow hills where the convicts of the neighbouring governments are assembled before they commence

their long, and terrible journey. He found about fifty, or sixty men, habited in party coloured dresses, half of their heads being shaved, in readiness to proceed on their first day's journey towards Asia. There were culprits of every grade: some who had been guilty of great crimes, and others who had been condemned to this eternal banishment for apparently trivial offences. One man, if he could be believed, said that his only offence was vagrancy.

Those who were able to support their wives on the journey, were accompanied in their misery by these poor creatures, who voluntarily became partners of their sufferings, and willingly devoted themselves to a life of dreary exile in the distant forests of Siberia; some few had experienced the horrors of the knout; but, I believe that this terrible torture

is now only inflicted on great criminals, though it is still very generally used in Russia. They answered all the questions put to them, with the greatest readiness, and seemed to bear their heavy doom with great fortitude. After some money, given by the visitors, had been divided among them, their chains were knocked off, and the gloomy train filed out of their prison, and commenced a journey of eight months to their distant destinations.

From all I hear, notwithstanding the terrible feeling that the name of Siberia bears to the mind of every one in Europe, the convicts are not subjected to such severe labour as those in our Australian colonies. They live in huts, constructed by themselves in the forest, where they cultivate the ground, and thus obtain a subsistence. This mild

treatment, of course does not extend to the worst malefactors; nor, I fear, to political offenders, who are generally sent to the mines and are subjected to all the horrors of harsh task-masters' hard work, and heavy chains. I found it quite impossible to ascertain the real condition of the exiles, and the contradictory statements of many well informed persons, with whom I have conversed on the subject, puzzled me to that degree, that I acknowledge myself to be nearly as ignorant of their situation, as when I entered Russia. But one thing is certain, that the horrors of Siberia, and the frequency of unjust exile, is greatly overrated; and although in every country where the judicial system is so imperfect as it is in Russia, the innocent must frequently suffer, still I am sure, that by far the greater portion of

unhappy beings, who are now colonizing the wilds of northern Asia, really deserve their wretched fate.

I could not share in the excessive feelings of commiseration expressed by many writers upon Russia, for all those persons who may have incurred the displeasure of the Imperial laws; I know that in a country of such enormous dimensions, where the laws are with difficulty enforced, crime must be frequent, but I cannot say, that the prison van, on the banks of the Moskwa, inspired me with greater horror, than the same machine does in Piccadilly.

Many Russians assured me, that the punishment of the knout is nearly extinct; but from what I heard in Moscow, I believe that it is still common, though not so general, as it was some years ago. There

was a man knouted three days before we arrived in Moscow, and it is certainly by no means a rare occurrence. The knout is sometimes made the instrument of death, though the Russians boast, that there is no capital punishment authorized by their criminal code.

The slave who shot the Prince Gargarin, some years ago, suffered this terrible death. He was made a soldier for the purpose, as this is in a degree a military punishment. He was forced to walk up and down between the ranks of men, while the heavy whip of leather tore away the flesh at every stroke; at the hundred and twentieth lash he fell; his sentence was a thousand lashes: he was asked, whether he would have the rest of it then, or wait for another day; he said he would have it then—knowing that to defer

it would only prolong his agony. He was then set up, and received a few more blows till he fell again; they put him up a third time, when he fainted and was carried away insensible. He died the next day, from the mortification of his wounds.

This man was a criminal guilty of a heinous crime. The mode of his execution, a fate which his crime deserved, was perhaps the most terrible torture that could be invented. But it is on all sides agreed, that the punishment of death is, and ought to be, considered as an example to the survivors, and not as a means of vengeance on the criminal. Such a scene as I have related is a disgrace to a country, calling itself christian, and contrary to all right principles of government, for the minds of the vulgar are hardened by the sight of such terrible bruta-

lity, and, therefore, rendered more fit for the invention of crime; and the effect of a less inhuman mode of execution, would be to increase the respect of the naturally wicked towards the laws, without decreasing the fear of death as a punishment.

Such scenes as these are certainly of rare occurrence in the capitals; but, I fear, that in distant provinces, the great powers entrusted to deputed rulers, enable evil disposed and cruel magistrates to exert much tyranny. In all ages among a number of men gifted with arbitrary power, some have been found more inclined to inflict misery on their fellow-creatures, than to devise means for their improvement.

Our last day at Moscow was devoted to the treasury of the Kremlin, and the accumulation of riches that this museum contains. It is

a jewelled epitome of Russian History. For here is deposited many a gorgeous trophy of Muscovite conquest, and many a magnificent present from humbled sovereigns of various times.

We were received by the director-general of the Museum, who was exceedingly civil, and kindly shewed us many of the curiosities himself. In the first room that we entered we found various specimens of arms of different ages and nations, with some mounted figures clad in complete panoply. But the most interesting object is the velvet covered box, containing the constitutional charter of Poland —sadly and silently it lies on the floor in hopeless submission—while above and around it droop the humbled and tattered banners that once waved proudly in its cause. While stooping over it we forgot all her weakness

and all her folly, we thought only of her past greatness, and of *his* glorious name who once saved Europe from Moslem rule. There, in the shadow of her conquered emblems, lay a nation's tomb, the corpse of a country's freedom. It told more plainly than all books or histories, the tale of Poland's extinction. The shadow of her torn and dusty flags hung heavily on it; while the grim figures of the Russian warriors which surrounded it, seemed an apt type of the adamantine bonds that are for ever wound round her liberties.

Two long galleries open out of this room containing innumerable treasures. The coronation and funereal crowns of the Czars are here preserved, with the royal diadems of Siberia, Novogorod, Kasan, Poland, Moscow, and the Crimea. There also we saw the

ancient chairs wherein the Emperors are still crowned; of rough wood and rude workmanship, but studded with diamonds and precious stones. The jewelled saddle and horse trappings of the gorgeous Catherine are covered with turquoises and other gems. It is a man's saddle, and her Majesty always used it as such, when dressed in their uniform, she reviewed her guards. If her picture tells truth the costume became her bravely, for she bestrides her prancing steed as proudly as any of her warriors.

It would be endless and wearying to tell of all the riches heaped up in these galleries. We spent a long time in examining them, till we were tired of gold, silver, precious stones, embossed arms, and embroidered uniforms. We, therefore, made our bow to the

general, the director, and bent our steps homeward to make preparations for our departure.

We strolled slowly along the terrace, to enjoy a last look at the glorious view. Every time we had seen it we thought it more lovely. We wandered about for an hour, and though we felt glad that we were now about to turn our faces homewards, we bade adieu to this scene we had gazed at so often, with considerable sorrow. But the time was come; we picked up a bit of brick, looked a farewell to Ivan Veliki, gave our friend the big bell a valedictory squint, with uncovered heads walked out of the Holy Gate, and in an hour were on the road to St. Petersburg.

We had taken precautions against the possibility of being again martyrs to a spring-

less diligence, and found the carriage that brought us back very comfortable. Our journey was as monotonous as possible. A morning and evening battue of flies and other insects—a quantity of Balzac's novels, and tea, formed our principal occupation and refreshment. Occasionally the little horses that drew us, found it impossible to drag the heavy carriage through the deep layer of stones, on the newly mended part of the road. Upon these occasions, all the passengers, (excepting ourselves,) turned out, and commenced a furious attack with sticks and stones on the unfortunate ponies. Any one who happened to pass by, joined in the amusement, till by dint of blows, and more terrible imprecations, the exhausted beasts were made to struggle through the difficulty.

We arrived at Novogorod in considerably better humour than on our first visit, as our journey was now nearly over, and we were not the least tired. This was once a powerful republic, and afterwards the capital of Russia. Now it is more desolate than any of the cities of this still half desert country. Her palaces are all in ruins, and the grass grows luxuriantly in the courts of her Kremlin. Her population is fast dwindling away, and the daily increasing magnificence of St. Petersburg, draws from Novogorod what little the unsparing hand of time has left.

We dined here; and afterwards sat down on the steps of the little inn to smoke a cigar. Three Russian carriages drove up, containing a Princess, accompanied (as the Morning Post says) by her family and suite. The lady

was very handsome, and stepped out of her carriage with great grace and considerable dignity. As she stood on the steps to give some directions to her servants, she took out her little case of cigarrettes, and did me the honour to light one by my cigar. I knew that the ladies in Russia smoke often in private, but this was the first time I had seen it practised in this country, and the effect was rather curious. In this case it was anything but unbecoming; for as the lady resumed her seat in her carriage, and leaning back on her cushions, puffed the fragrant vapour in tiny curls from the prettiest lips imaginable, she looked quite charming! I was immensely edified, and even E—— who hates smoking, declared that he would willingly smoke the whole way to Moscow, if he thought she would

honour him at the end of the journey, in the same affecting manner as she had honoured me.

But, alas! the Princess was whirled away in a cloud of dust; her suite followed. E—— took serious counsel with our faithful servant concerning the immediate purchase of three cigars, and I sighed, and lit another weed. In consequence of this smoky though charming vision, I took care to inform myself of the progress of smoking among the fair ones of the land. The result was, that I found that few disdain the soothing influence of "gentle tobacco."

I cannot boast of ever having been admitted to the mysteries of a Russian lady's divan; but many there are more blessed than I, who have smoked many a calumet, with the fairest beauties of "the Islands."

After this little incident we returned to the dull diligence with a very bad grace, and dreamt and talked of cigarettes and Princesses, till we got to St. Petersburg.

## CHAPTER VII.

Our approaching departure—Czarskoe Seloe—Grand suite of rooms—Gardens—Scarcity of timber trees—Russian Railroad—Slow pace—Difficulty of maintaining the communication during the winter—A party to Schlusselburg—The Fortress—Treatment of State Prisoners—Ivan Antonovitch—His murder—Dreary situation of the Fortress—A merry party.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE STATE PRISON.

Lasciate ogni speranza voi che quì entrate.

DANTE.

Our day of departure from Russia was now fast approaching, and with great regret we set ourselves to make the most of the remainder of our short stay. We repeated our visits to many places we had before seen, and also again renewed the same round of pleasure we had before enjoyed.

We went by the railroad to the village of Czarskoe Seloe, a short distance from St. Petersburg, where there is a beautiful palace, somewhat in the Versailles' style. This was the favourite country residence of the great Catherine. We were shown a grand suite of rooms of magnificent proportions; in one of these, the walls are completely covered with amber, which is wonderful only from its great value, for the general effect is too waxy and too dead to be pleasing. In other chambers, the parquet is beautifully inlaid with mother of pearl and ebony, and many precious woods. The whole range of apartments looked altogether more habitable, than those of the show palaces, of this palace loving country.

The gardens are beautiful, being laid out with great taste, and contain a much

greater variety of fine trees, than is generally seen in the environs of St. Petersburg. In this forest covered land, such a thing as four or five different sorts of large timber trees standing together, is a prodigy; and the families of birch, elder, &c., and what we call spruce fir, are nearly the sole denizens of the vast woods that run with little interruption from the gulf of Finland to Kamschatka.

The great charm of Czarskoe Seloe, is the fine larch, oak, and elm, that adorn its Park. They seem to flourish very well here, and these stranger trees are a great relief to the eye, after a long journey among their sombre brethren of the forest.

A pretty little armoury, kiosk, some ornamental buildings and quaint bridges,

together with the fine timber, makes this a very pleasant place, and it is much resorted to by the citizens of St. Petersburg. The Court rarely resides there now.

The only railroad at present open in Russia, runs from St. Petersburg to this place. It is very well conducted, though they are not rash as to pace, and stick to the slow and sure rate of sixteen miles an hour. The railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow will be finished, it is said, in about three years; but its ultimate success seems to be very much doubted among Russians, one of whom solemnly declared to me, that as they can never travel by night on railroads in England, so long a line must be a failure! I fear that the snow in winter will be found the greatest impediment to its success; and unless a

great number of men are always kept at work on the line, it will be impossible to preserve the communication.

The country is most favourable for engineering, as there is not to be a single tunnel, and very little cutting between the two capitals. The whole affair is undertaken and carried on by government, so that the race of directors, committee men, stags, &c., that have of late played so conspicuous a part in England and in Punch, are unknown and unhonoured in the north; a lucky thing for them, as I hardly think that the "Moscow and St. Petersburg Direct," is likely to prove a "good spec" for the Imperial proprietors.

We were kindly invited to join an English party, who were going up with Mr. B. in his steamer to Schlusselburg,

and the entrance to the Ladoga; and a right pleasant party it was. The day was lovely. The banks of the Neva have just an escape of being pretty, and the excellent company on board the vessel rendered the whole expedition charming. We spent five hours in ascending the river, and on our arrival at the Village of Schlusselburg, we pulled over to the fortress in a small boat.

This celebrated place stands on an island, in the midst of the stream, where the waters of the mighty Ladoga find an outlet in the Neva. It is said to be used now as a state prison. It is not strong as a modern fortification, for the defences merely consist of a low wall of great thickness, the corners being strengthened with heavy bastions. This gloomy place contains a church, a line of apartments opening out

of a covered arcade, and some barracks for the garrison; but we saw nothing in the shape of a prison, except a small inclosure in a corner, surrounded by a high wall, which certainly might have been a dungeon.

Those of the party who spoke Russian, seemed to have the greatest dislike to ask questions; and I believe they were right, as the Governor could not be expected to outstep the lines of his duty, or to tell us anything; as I fancy secrecy is strictly imposed upon him, our curiosity therefore would have only been attended with unpleasant consequences. We could have gained nothing by it; so that we were quite unable to learn, whether there were actually a number of state prisoners confined within these walls or not.

Many a dark story is told in Russia, of the treatment of these unfortunates, who are said to be ignorant where they are confined, and are not told whether their prison is at Cronstadt, Schlusselburg, or Archangel.

The Emperor, on his accession to the throne, is believed to have visited all the state prisoners then in confinement; but none were released in consequence. It is my firm conviction that these people have, in most cases, been guilty of great crimes, and that treason and venality in offices of public trust have been generally the cause of this desperate punishment. Their treatment is a mystery—their existence unknown—their fate uncared for; and they linger out their days, in a captivity as dismal as it is hopeless.

None are ever admitted to their presence,

on any pretence, whatsoever; and there was an instance lately, of a Prince of the Imperial blood having been refused admittance to the state prison at Archangel.

But the darkest tragedy that we know to have been performed within these walls, was the murder of the youthful Ivan VI., in the early part of the reign of Catherine the Great.

Ivan Antonovitch was the grandson of the Empress Anne, the eldest of the unfortunate family confined at Kolmogory, for so many years, who were afterwards transported into Denmark by order of Catherine. He was the grandson of the Emperor Ivan Alexevitch, the elder brother of Peter the Great, consequently the rightful heir to the throne. He was actually proclaimed Emperor, on the death of the Princess Anne in 1740, when a

month old; but during a revolution, whereby Elisabeth the youngest daughter of Peter the Great, was placed on the throne in 1741, he was seized, and put into confinement at Riga, and was afterwards removed to Dunumunde, and Oranienburg. In consequence of an attempt being made by a monk to carry him off from the latter place, he was brought to Schlusselburg, and then kept in prison with the greatest strictness and secresy. He was attended by a captain, and lieutenant, who were always shut up in his room, and with whom he was not permitted to converse.

He was visited in this prison by the Empress Elizabeth; the Emperor Peter the Third, and the great Catherine herself in her manifesto published after his death, acknowledges that she had seen him.* The two

* See appendix.

Empresses concur in representing him as being to the last degree deficient in all mental powers; in fact, they say that he was an idiot; and indeed it seems almost impossible that he could have been otherwise, as he had been kept in the most rigorous confinement, during the whole term of his wretched life.

But the account of the interview which Peter the Third had with this unfortunate Prince, tells a different story; the details are related by Baron Korff, inspector of police, who was present. These prove that Ivan was gifted with great personal graces, and so far from being mad, foolish, or incompetent, his conversation with the Emperor was full of power and dignity. He remonstrated on the hardships of his imprisonment, and his address to his Majesty was couched in the most affecting and eloquent terms. Peter visited

him several times, and no doubt fully intended to have made him his heir. But a wretched fate was reserved for both. Peter was murdered in his prison in 1762, seven days after his wife Catherine had ascended the throne, by Alexius Orloff and others; and Ivan shortly after shared the same fate in the following manner at the Castle of Schlusselburg.

On the 16th of July, 1764, the Empress had gone to pay a visit to her Livonian provinces, leaving, however, many of her most trusty adherents behind in St. Petersburg, as evident signs of disaffection had appeared in the town, particularly among some of the battalions of the guard. In the regiment quartered at the town of Schlusselburg, was an officer named Mirovitch, whose grandfather had fought under Mazeppa with

Charles XII. in his wars against Peter the Great. This man having corrupted some of the garrison of the castle, which was formed of a company of his own regiment, showed the soldiers a forged order of the Senate, recalling Prince Ivan to the throne, and deposing Catherine; alleging as a reason that she had gone into Livonia to marry Poniatowsky.

They immediately, to the number of fifty, put themselves under his orders, and marched to the rooms wherein the Prince was confined. On their way they met the Governor, who authoritatively asked the conspirators what they were doing in the middle of the night, armed and in an ordered body; Mirovitch instantly knocked him down, and the party continued their march. The sentinels at the entrance of the corridor, leading to Ivan's

apartment attempted to oppose his progress, but Mirovitch and his men fired on them; and it is a curious fact that the fire was briskly returned without the slightest damage being done on either side.

A piece of artillery was then sent for, to force the entrance; but before it could be fired, the door was thrown open, and instead of being received with open arms by the imprisoned Prince, the first object that met the eyes of the conspirator, on his entrance, was a pierced and bleeding corpse still quivering from recent death.

The officers Vlasieff and Tschekin who were shut up with Ivan, had an order in the handwriting of the Empress to the effect that, if any attempt at rescue should be made, they should dispatch the Prince. They had

therefore, on the first alarm, fallen upon the unfortunate unarmed youth. He made a vigorous resistance, and actually succeeded in breaking the sword of one of the murderer's, but fell at last covered with wounds beneath their united blows.

Mirovitch was beheaded, and the officers, whose names will be handed down to posterity, covered with everlasting infamy, were amply rewarded. None of the other actors in this dark tragedy were even taken the least notice of.

In no history do we find a tale of darker crime, whose details are wrapped in greater mystery. Of all the imperial family of Romanoff, who have met with violent deaths, this Prince was most pitied, as he had done harm to no one, and like the Iron Mask,

his only crime was his unfortunate birth.

Catherine published a manifesto, a few days after, giving a detail of the circumstances of this desperate deed, but many there are who think that much of the tragic tale is yet untold, and that the origin of the fate of the unfortunate Ivan might have been traced to other persons than the unknown and obscure Mirovitch.

We found none of the difficulties mentioned by other travellers in gaining admittance to the fortress, but saw nothing to repay our curiosity. The view from the parapet commands a dreary expanse of water, bounded by low wooded shores; and towards the north, the great lake stretched away till the waters joined the sky—the shores in this direction being far distant and very low. It

is a sad and dreary place, and a hard featured Russian officer, who brought up the rear of our gay procession, looked as gloomy and hopeless as the grey walls themselves.

As we stood on the parapet, a happy and laughing party, in the full enjoyment of health, hope, and liberty, breathing the free air, and rioting in the sunshine of a summer's day, and of the brightest eyes in Russia, I could not help thinking that hearts far different from ours, might be sighing near us, and that our merry voices even might fall heavy on the doomed one's ear.

The thought came over more than one gay spirit, like a dark and poisonous dew, and some among us almost felt as if we were feasting on a felon's grave. Gladly we left those sad walls; and I made a vow, that if I

again visited Russia, I would not approach that dark, mysterious Schlusselburg.

I trust, however, that I may spend many such another day: for once away from those heavy walls, our spirits rose in proportion, and never did merriment, and wildest frolic hold a more jovial reign, than during our passage home.

Games, the dance, and song, chased one another in such quick succession, that I am sure the waters of the stately Neva never bore so wild a crew; or never did her dark banks re-echo to the sounds of such extravagant mirth. There was no music on board, but the sounds of our own voices; notwithstanding this we danced right merrily, and a certain shy young gentleman of my intimate acquaintance, found himself towards the close of the

evening, entertaining the company with a jig to "Paddy O'Rafferty," on the captain's speaking trumpet!

We sang "Heart home ballads of green Erin, and grey Highlands," till we became quite romantic; but as sentiment on a smooth river by moonlight is decidedly dangerous, we danced again, till even the black chimney of the old steamer looked jolly under the influence of "Sir Roger de Coverly," and "hands across," &c.

One boatfull of English roses who blossomed and bloomed amid the snows of the north, took their departure before we arrived at St. Petersburg, under a full chorus of "God save the Queen," and three such cheers, as the banks of the Neva never heard before. The steamer arrived at her moorings at midnight, when we all separated, and

H— and I started forthwith for the forest, to shoot.

Seldom has it been my lot to spend a pleasanter day than this, whether it was that we found ourselves again among our own people, or that the beauty and gaiety that surrounded us, was far greater than what generally falls to the share of parties of the kind, we certainly passed a day of pleasure, that I shall remember all my life,— for hosts and guests seemed together determined on the greatest excess of enjoyment, that could possibly be compressed into fourteen hours.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Diabolical conveyance—Lost in the woods—Wandering in a circle—Indifferent sport—Traces of game—A true sportsman—Mosquitoes—A night in a Russian cottage—Mode of life of its inhabitants—State of the neighbouring country—Skeleton of the Mammoth—Midnight fête — National singing — On board the Storfursten—Advertising departure—Cronstadt—The Forts—Russian ships and sailors—The Kamschatka.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE FOREST.

"The *fir* and birch with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made.

SCOTT.

NOTHING tired by our exertions we arrived at Oranienbaum about seven in the morning, where the road ended. We therefore proceeded from thence for thirty miles, in a common two wheeled cart—the most diabolical mode of journeying ever invented. We got to our shooting ground in the forest, about the middle of the day.

Our first exploit was to walk into the woods by ourselves, and lose both ourselves and our way; after shooting a couple of brace of ptarmagans, and a hen capercailzie, we turned homewards, as we thought, but to our dismay soon discovered that we had lost all our bearings, and were quite ignorant in what direction we were walking. The sun was completely obscured by clouds, so that we had no object to steer by but the wind; we had a great difference of opinion, and a long argument, as to the way it was blowing,—one supposing it to be from the east and the other from the south, so that the wind did not help us much.

We wandered about for five hours, like the babes of ancient and nursery memory, and had already begun to congratulate ourselves, on having shot enough for our supper, when

we suddenly came to an old path, which led us back to the identical spot we started from —consequently we must have made a circuit of many miles.

Grown more careful, we went on about seven miles farther in our carts, and procured a peasant to accompany us. He was a good humoured, but rather stupid fellow, dressed in the usual linen shirt, trousers, and boots, and armed with a gun of the most primitive construction. This roguish looking piece took nearly as long to go off after the trigger was pulled, as it did to load.

We dived again into the forest, but with very indifferent success as to sport. The walking in the woods is very bad, as it is very swampy, and the surface is covered with branches of trees, and very deep moss, in which we sank to the ancle at every step.

The forest was very wild, and much of what we had wandered through in the morning seemed to have been untouched by the hand of man.

We found very recent traces of elk; and all the smaller mountain ash that we saw had been broken down by the bears for the sake of the berries; these beasts are never shot in summer, as it is impossible to get near them, except in snow, when they may be run down, or driven, according to circumstances.

My companion is a great lover of this wild sport, and was last winter very successful; he intended to pursue it again this year with greater ardour; perhaps now while I am sitting over my comfortable fire, the midnight oil burning cheerfully, and the cold wind vainly endeavouring to penetrate a corner of my snug room, he is lying out on

the trail of elk or bear, by a fire in the forest, with no other bed than the snow—no canopy, but the ice covered firs, dreaming of "dropping" the monster on the morrow, and little caring for comfort, or shelter, in his love for this exciting sport.

All success to him then; and let it be known, that the bears have a bad chance, if they get within range of his rifle, for his hand is as true as his heart;—and firmer foot or hardier form, never stood in a snow shoe.

After walking for ten hours with very indifferent sport, we returned to the peasant's wood cabin, and made a light supper of bread, milk, and strawberries; we then laid down on a heap of straw in the corner of the room, which was very hot, and infested with mosquitoes, but in spite of their attacks we slept soundly till four o'clock in the morning.

I cheated many of the beasts of a good night's sport, by sleeping in my boots, so that my face and hands were the only parts of my body exposed to their attacks; of this permission, however, they made the liveliest use, and it must have been fine fun for them, as our skins were certainly thinner and less tough, than those of the weather beaten inhabitants of the cottages—their usual prey; they had undoubtedly, therefore, a grand carousal over British blood, a species of refreshment they had never tasted before. They made the most of their time, and it must have been a great treat to them.

The poor people were as hospitable as possible, and endeavoured to make us comfortable by every means in their power. After we had laid down, they brought in a new caftan, the only one in the house to throw over us; this we were glad to dispense with, on

account of the heat, and could with difficulty persuade them, that we wanted nothing but to be left to our slumbers. They were simple and good-natured, and readily placed every thing they possessed at our disposal; which to say the truth, was not much, as they are people of few wants.

The summer dress of the men is merely a coarse linen shirt and trousers, the former article contrary to the practice in most countries, hanging outside the loose trousers which are tucked into large boots. The everlasting sheepskin coats is the only addition in winter, so that a Russian peasant's wardrobe is not of extensive or expensive proportions. They live almost entirely on black bread and milk, which they have in great plenty. The grass in the forest grows very luxuriantly in every open place, and there is

as much to make hay of for winter use, as they want; so that their cows are always well fed, and give a good supply of milk all the year round.

The people in the country where we were shooting, seemed to be entirely employed at that time in making hay in the forest; but I saw comparatively few attempts at cultivation. It was a wild district on the shores of the Gulf of Finland; the clearings were very slight, and only appeared in the immediate neighbourhood of the scattered villages. The whole face of the country was covered with forest, whereon the axe of the wood-cutter had as yet made little, or no impression, and is now in the same state, as it was two thousand years ago. The bear and the elk still roam as freely in these woods, as when Russia was an unknown name, and when the

most civilized nations of the earth were in ignorance of the existence of the great river, which now rolls through the City of Palaces.

This was the first taste I had ever had of forest life. Our sport was not good, as we only shot six brace of birds, one capercailzie, some gelinottes and ptarmagan; but the whole affair was so wild and so different from the life we had latterly led, that I was delighted.

After a fruitless expedition in the morning, we got into our carts and returned by Oranienbaum, where we discovered that bread, strawberries, and milk, is rather insufficient sustenance for forty-eight hours' hard work, so we celebrated our return to Christendom by a feast of beefsteaks and tea, which we devoured with a *goût* that much edified mine

host of the Restoration, for such indeed it was.

We got back to St. Petersburg at midnight rather beat, but very much pleased with our expedition; and our little adventure formed an agreeable contrast to the routine of sight-seeing, dancing, and late hours, we had lately been engaged in.

The next day we went to see the skeleton of the Mammoth in the Museum. This is one of the wonders of St. Petersburg, the delight of geologists, and the idol of comparative anatomists. It was found in a glacier in Siberia, some years ago, wherein it had been frozen up for ages; but when by some convulsion of the ice it became exposed to the air, the flesh was in such good preservation, that the wolves and bears

were found holding a gorgeous festival on meat some hundred years old.

Such beasts as these would certainly make game suited to a moderate sized preserve, like a province of Siberia, for the skeleton of a large elephant standing beside it, bears about the same proportion to it, as would a pony thirteen hands high to a brewer's dray horse. His tusks are enormous, and of the finest ivory. We saw a bas relief of a woman's head, as large as life, at the Hermitage, cut from a tusk which had belonged to such a monster as this. It resembled somewhat the elephant in shape, and from his formation, his habits are supposed to have been similar; but if he fed on leaves and grass, I should think that an acre of pasture, and half a dozen birch trees would scarcely satisfy his cavern stomach for a morning's meal.

This I believe was our last attempt at sight-seeing at St. Petersburg; our stay was quickly drawing to a close, and with much unwillingness and sorrow, we bade adieu to the many friends, of whose hospitality and kindness we had so largely partaken.

Our last party was a midnight fête in boats illuminated with coloured lamps on the great Nevka in the islands. The little fleet lit up in this gay manner looked excessively pretty, and the whole affair was a perfect feast of lanterns. A boat full of work people, from some manufactory in the city, accompanied the expedition, singing national songs in chorus; these I must say, were more national than pretty, more characteristic than harmonious; for the airs were a desperate series of squeaking, nasal, discords, howled forth by sixty men, women, and children. However,

they are supposed to sound very well at a distance; and so far I agree, that the pleasure of the audience would certainly increase in proportion to the space intervening between themselves and the singers.

After the party had sufficiently enjoyed the beauty of the evening, and the charms of moonlight conversation (which, by the way, I am unromantic enough to think the least pleasant mode of rational intercourse) we danced till late in the Countess Z——'s villa, and at seven in the morning were on board the Storfursten, steaming away, in the direction of Stockholm.

We had advertised our intended departure, three times in the Government Gazette, in order that our creditors might be aware of our being about to quit the country. Every one leaving Russia must conform to this

doom, and nine clear days of notice must pass, before any person can obtain a passport. As no writ of " ne exeat" was issued against us by the gentleman who made my two pair of boots, the only Russian tradesman I had employed, our passports were given to us all right; we in return were supposed not to carry away any of the current coin of the empire, which it is decreed unlawful to export in the smallest quantities. However, to say the truth we were little tempted, not from any contempt for silver roubles, which are a very good solid coin, that I have a considerable respect for; but from feeling at the moment a general indifference, as far as our own selves were concerned, regarding the currency of any country, or any coin however portable.

So being found guiltless of any fraud on

the Imperial revenue, we departed unmolested from Cronstadt; though some stately forms were gone through between the Captain on behalf of the passengers, and an old fat officer on behalf of his Imperial Majesty.

Cronstadt is a very strong place, and the shallowness of the water around added to the strength of the different batteries, renders it unapproachable to those unacquainted with the soundings. They have lately built a new semicircular fort, mounting four long tiers of heavy guns, one above the other. Its appearance is most imposing; but many engineers say, that the building would not, from its formation, stand a continued discharge from its own guns. One thing is certain, that the smoke would pack so heavily in its galleries, that taking aim

would, even in the early part of an engagement, be impossible, and on a calm day, the few first discharges alone would be destructive to an enemy's fleet in motion.

The inauguration of this fort took place with great ceremony, while we were at Moscow. The Emperor was present, and afterwards sailed in his steamer down the whole line of a fine fleet, anchored before the fort. An English naval officer who was present, praised the precision of the firing greatly; and though the yards were not manned with the nimbleness of our English tars, yet the discipline and regularity exhibited, rather astonished him.

The Russians as a nation, are bad sailors, for they have no ports, and the fleet once destroyed, could not be replaced for many years; notwithstanding Lord Durham's

expression, that their navy is but an Imperial toy, I conceive that it would be a very ugly plaything to trifle with; when men are so frequently drilled to their exercise, as the Russian soldiers and sailors are there is no doubt that they would fight their guns in a manner, that perchance might startle some of the older naval powers in Europe.

"Guns are guns," as the English officer said. Russians are not men to desert their post, whatever it is; and though the sailors of the Emperor may not be first-rate artists at sea in a gale of wind, yet in a pitched battle yard-arm to yard-arm, I cannot see why they should not be as hard to beat as the seamen of other nations.

They have a large available force of

enregimented sailors and marines; and in the part of the fleet we saw, there must have been ten thousand men afloat. They have a few large steamers, but none I think of the very first class. Their best vessel the *Kamschatka*, built of iron in America, is said to be inferior in speed to some much smaller boats, lately built in Russia, and fitted up with English engines. I believe the Yankees made the government pay immensely for this vessel, and she has not at all answered the expectation formed concerning her.

On the whole, the Russian navy is a wonderful triumph of the Emperor over natural obstacles; and I really believe, that notwithstanding the contempt with which it has been treated by late writers, it is

far from being in the despicable and inefficient state so generally supposed. In case of war I know, I should much rather see it on England's side, than either neutral or hostile.

## CHAPTER IX.

Arrival at Reval—The Capital of Esthonia—Appearance of the people—Situation of Reval—Body of the Duc de St. Croix—Story of the Lovers of Reval—Entering a house at the top—Fête at Helsingfors—Fortress of Sweaborg—Noisy toys—The new Capital of Finland—God save the Emperor — Scenery of the Gulf—Abo, the ancient Capital of Finland—Observatory—Delays of the Baltic Steamers—Approach to Sweden—Anecdote of Finnish soldiery—Concluding observations.

# CHAPTER IX.

## THE GULF OF FINLAND

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,
With cliffs above, and a broad, sandy shore,
Guarded by rocks and shoals as by an host.
With here and there a creek, whose aspect bore
A better welcome to the tempest-tost.

BYRON.

We steamed on merrily with fine weather all day and night, and in the morning arrived at Reval the capital of Esthonia,—a very ancient town. The appearance of the people here was completely different from that of those we had just left. The Asiatic looking beard and caftan were no where

to be seen, and the faces of the peasants bore all the characteristics of the German race.

They speak a language of their own called Esth, and are all Lutherans. In consequence of some schisms among the pastors of that Church, the Greek priests have lately succeeded in making many converts; and their efforts have been decidedly countenanced by the Russian government.

I fear the rationalism, so generally inculcated by the ministers of the Lutheran Church, has nearly obliterated all traces of apostolical religion in northern Germany; the ministers preach generally, the doctrine of "reason being superior to revelation," which renders theology a mere matter of opinion; we cannot therefore wonder, that a priesthood, whose tenets are so much more in conformity to

the religion of the Cross, should be successful in proselytism in countries which have in former ages professed a true and simple faith.

Reval is built on a high hill or rather rock, overlooking the whole surrounding country; it is not a town of any importance now. It looks very ancient, but unlike most Russian towns still comfortable, and almost respectable. The great curiosity of the place is the body of the Duc de St. Croix, in the Church of St. Nicholas. This gentleman, who commanded the Russian troops at the battle of Narva, was taken prisoner by Charles XII., and kept a prisoner at Reval during the remainder of his days; but being of an extravagant disposition, and not finding the allowance of his adopted "Governor" adequate to his wants, he, like many other gentlemen in

similar _____tances, got terribly into debt.

At his death, his creditors refused the usual permission for the interment of his body; but, though he wasted his subsistance in life, his body did not, as is natural, waste in death, for there he still lies in perfect preservation: a black velvet dress, high heeled shoes, and a glass case; his complexion is rather like parchment, and his general expression is what we should familiarly call, that of a "dry old codger." He is still in death as in life, the lion of the town of Reval, and a great source of profit to the sexton, who calls him his benefactor. Peter the Great had a great idea of his military talents; but for once he was mistaken, as the disposition of the Russian army at the battle of Narva, is

said to have been infamous; and the Duc de St. Croix has certainly gained much more fame as a mummy, than a Marshal.

The Vicomte d'Arlincourt, tells an amusing story in his "Etoile Polaire," of two lovers at Reval, who, while walking by the river side, became involved in one of those pleasant little quarrels, which add so much to the pleasures of wooing. The young Lady having accused her lover of inconstancy, Dmitri, of course, swore that she was dearer to him than his soul, and prayed, that if he did not love her, he might become immediately a shrivelled old man like the Duc de St. Croix. This asseveration having quieted her fears, they, like all true lovers, kissed, made friends, and an agreement to meet at nightfall in the Church of St. Nicholas, and there to

plight their vows afresh before the high altar of the Church.

Agnes was there first of course, and while waiting impatiently for her lover, she with terror perceived a reddish light to proceed from the door of the sacristy. Thinking, perchance, that Dmitri might be waiting in the room, she opened the door; but what was her horror, when instead of her handsome lover, she saw seated in a large arm-chair at the fire, comfortably warming himself, with outstretched arms, the shrivelled figure of the Duc de St. Croix. She immediately remembered the fatal words of the morning, Dmitri's oath; and fainted just in time to fall into the arms of her lover, who entered at the moment. He seeing the same terrible apparition, took Agnes in his arms, and rushed out of the Church. When she had

recovered under his fond care, they both set off to the Governor to tell him of this wondrous occurrence. The communication was rather startling.

"Sir!" said Dmitri, "the Duc de St. Croix is risen from the dead!"

"Nonsense, fool!" said the Governor.

"Oh, Sir, it is no nonsense, he has got out of his glass case as sure as you are standing there; and he is at this moment warming himself at an excellent fire in the sacristy, which he had no doubt lighted himself."

The Governor called for his hat, sword, and walking stick, and with many fears marched to the Church, and straight up to the glass case wherein the body of the Marshal usually lay. It was empty!

Mustering all his courage, and followed by

Dmitri, he proceeded to the sacristy, and beheld a terrible apparition!

There sat the mummy; his legs crossed, his hands held up towards the blaze, and apparently enjoying the heat. Petrified with horror, he stood staring at the awful sight, when a hoarse voice from the arm-chair called out, "Who goes there?" this was too much for the nerves of the gallant Governor, he felt as if he had been shot. Dmitri rushed in, and upset the Sacristan who was just awoke from a doze in this terrible company, and appearing the most terrified of the party, was coming out to see what the noise was.

"You here," gasped the magistrate. "What do you here?"

"Oh, sir! spare me," he cried. "I was only warming my benefactor, the Mar-

shal, as the night is damp, and cold; but I'll put him back in his case directly."

We climbed into the steeple of another Church, from whence we had a fine view of the surrounding country, and a long conversation with the old Pastor. On leaving this Church, we got into a mass of houses, built against the rock, one of which we entered to ask the way, by what appeared to be a hall-door. Seeing no one to direct us we walked into one or two rooms, and found we were at the top, instead of on the ground-floor, of a high house; so we deliberately walked through several apartments, and finding a staircase, emerged into the street below without any opposition.

This caused great astonishment to a

servant who was standing at the door, and whom we left evidently pondering in his mind how three strangers could leave his master's house without having been admitted under his auspices as door-keeper.

We sailed at two o'clock for Helsingfors, on the opposite shore of the Gulf of Finland. A grand fête was expected on the next day, and the greater number of the fashionable inhabitants of Reval were going over to enjoy it—we had therefore the pleasure of the company of two hundred and sixty people on board, and as the steamer was very small, we were crowded together on the deck very much after the manner of cattle. To move from one part of the vessel to the other was a moral impossibility; and dinner, to

most of the passengers, was quite imaginary.

Towards evening, we passed the fortress of Sweaborg, the defence of the entrance to Helsingfors, called by the Russians, the Gibraltar of the north. In point of fortification, it did not appear to me to be so strong as Cronstadt, but I believe it is in reality nearly impregnable, as there are hundreds of small islands around it which might easily be converted into batteries. In spite of the frowning guns, and the ships of war riding at anchor within the harbour, our Captain gallantly fired his four pateraves in great style: this had the effect of making the closely wedged crowd on board start convulsively at each shot, and such young ladies as were blessed with pretty voices uttered nice little screams.

These noisy toys are a great nuisance on board all the Baltic Steamers; and the Captains lose no opportunity of firing them off to the great delight of all little boys, and the manifold annoyance of all nervous passengers, who are first startled by the sudden report, and then stifled by the smoke.

Helsingfors, the new capital of Finland, is a handsome town with great broad streets, but like all other Russian cities is capable of containing nearly treble the number of inhabitants that it possesses. It has all the appearance of a new ruin. The church, a very handsome building in the Greek style, is not yet finished, and though intended for the celebration of Lutheran rites resembles in every respect a Russian place of worship. A magnificent flight of granite steps leads from the grand

square to the base of the portico. The University and the Senate House on the two other sides, form a very handsome and spacious place.

In the evening the bands of some frigates lying here, pulled round the harbour burning blue lights and playing God save the Emperor. This is a fine and inspiriting air, though not equal to our own national melody; and it differs as widely in harmony and spirit from the chords of God save the Queen, as do the short and sharp shouts of the Russian boatmen from the hearty cheers of our British tars.

The Inns of Helsingfors were greatly crowded on account of the fête, and just before we packed ourselves into our little berths in the steamer, we had the satisfaction of seeing several gentlemen wandering about the quay accompanied by their carpet bags,

vainly seeking shelter for the night. I am surprised that they did not walk into one of the uninhabited buildings around, which looked as if they never had or intended to have an owner, or a tenant.

When we came on deck in the morning we found ourselves sailing through an Archipelago of rocky and fir-covered islands. The coasts of Finland, and of the greater part of Sweden are surrounded by a belt of small islands of this nature. Sometimes the passage becomes no wider than a canal, then suddenly it spreads out into a broad expanse of water bearing all the appearance of a large lake; again the passage becomes narrow, and the steamer sails out upon the open sea, so that there is an endless variety of wood and rock, and lake, sea and river.

The shores however want height; though

wild and rugged, they rarely exceed thirty feet in altitude, and the eye soon gets weary of the sombre hue of the firs, the " deuil de l'été," the only foliage of these iron and gloomy shores. The passage between the islets is sometimes very intricate, and the marks of the channel are upright pieces of stick, which are constantly displaced by the numerous currents. There are no tides in the Baltic, but the height of the water varies according to the direction and force of the winds.

Navigation is rendered very difficult by reason of the countless currents which alter with every breeze, so that charts are of little use as regards these changing streams, each ford having its own eddy which runs with different rapidity, and depends entirely on the wind. The Maelstrom, on the coast of Norway, is only one of these currents of unusual

force, and varies in danger according to the state of the weather.

Foreign sailors, ignorant of all these local circumstances, find the navigation on the shores of the Baltic beyond any thing uncertain, and sometimes in a dead calm the unwary master may fancy himself almost stationary when the ship is actually drifting at the rate of four or five miles an hour.

In the evening we reached Abo, the ancient capital of Finland, once a place of considerable importance. We had the pleasure of making a perfect acquaintance with this deserted town, as we remained here from seven in the evening till three the next day. The observatory is celebrated for its discoveries in former times, and from it the Swedish navigators used to take their longitude. It now seems to be much more observed than observing, and is a

conspicuous and dreary object from all parts of the country.

The continual delays of the Baltic steamers at every port they pass, renders their voyages excessively tedious; and in these days of hurry, the loss of a few hours in a wretched village is by every one considered a hardship. I confess I did not dislike wandering about the different little ports that we stopped at; and as the country changed more or less in appearance every day, this cruise among the islands of the Baltic Archipelago, though tedious was not unpleasant.

Towards evening we got under weigh, and in a few hours stopped for a minute at a small island which is the limit of Russian territory in this direction.

It was a misty and dreary evening as we

passed the boundary, and bade adieu to the Black Eagle, perhaps for ever.

The flag that waves from this island in the Gulf of Bothnia with uninterrupted sway to regions beyond the Straits of Behring, floated as proudly on the wretched station-house, as it did on the gilded towers of St. Petersburg. With many mingled feelings we looked at it for the last time; and sailed on towards the kingdom whose power that flag has so fearfully trampled on.

We were now not more than twenty-five miles from the main land of Sweden, and within twelve hours of Stockholm. How the proud heart of the Swede must swell to think of the dangerous propinquity of that imperious banner now lording it on the soil of her finest provinces. The best

of his dominions, whose hardy inhabitants furnished the heroes of the grand armies of Gustavus, and of Charles, is lost for ever; not won from him in fair fight or equal battle, but frittered away by the cowardice of an idiot King, and the pusillanimity of his advisers.

The Fins have always been the best soldiers of the north, and are even now the finest, and bravest troops in the imperial host. A witty General in the campaign of Warsaw being told by a Finnish officer that the soldiers desired that salt herrings should be substituted for a part of their rations replied: "Monsieur, c'est étonnante, j'ai fait la guerre pour trente ans, et voilà la seule fois que j'ai eu besoin d'haranguer un régiment Finois."

Here then at that dreary little island we left the Black Eagle and her children. I have

spoken of them as I found them; as much as possible without flattery or prejudice. I only hope that what I have said may not be judged by works lately published on and against Russia. I know that few of their statements will be corroborated in these pages, but this I little heed. I went not to Russia for the purpose of discovering the best manner of abusing or praising her people, government, institutions and laws, or with the design of writing. I went for the sake of amusement, and instruction, and if I have succeeded in making any one, who has thus far accompanied me, a sharer in the smallest part of the pleasure of my short tour, my whole end is gained.

A book on Russia, written in a dispassionate manner, is at least a novelty, as few have

attempted the subject lately who have not given utterance to the deepest flattery, or to the most unmeasured abuse. Mine has, I hope, done neither.

# APPENDIX.

# ARSENAL OF ST. PETERSBURG.

## THE STRELITZES.

The Strelitzes were the armed militia or national guard of Moscow and its environs. Their turbulent spirit was for many years the cause of much dissension and faction in the state. By means of their discipline and unison they rendered themselves as terrible to the reigning powers and to the welfare of the state, as ever were the Prætorian guard or the Turkish Janissaries. After the death of Feedor in 1682 their power had reached its greatest height, for by their assistance the Princess Sophia caused herself to be pro-

claimed Empress in conjunction with her two youngest brothers Peter and Ivan. On this occasion the bands of the Strelitzes committed in Moscow every species of atrocity. After having wreaked their vengeance on some citizens who were obnoxious to them, they filled with their regiments the courts of the Kremlin. They alleged that their colonels had not given them their due arrears of pay, and demanded that their officers who had taken refuge in the fortress should be deprived of their command, and delivered into their hands. The affrighted Empress and her ministers immediately complied with their demands. The unfortunate officers were given up to the infuriated soldiery, by whom they were treated with every species of indignity, and finally severely knouted.

After this time the Empress Sophia appears t have fallen completely into the power of the Strelitzes, who carried into execution her most cruel

edicts with frightful exactness. She proscribed forty persons, the heads of some of the most noble families in Russia; these were immediately murdered by her Janissaries with horrible tortures. Many other excesses did they commit, until the neighbourhood of Moscow was reduced to a complete state of anarchy by their crimes.

But the revolutionary power by whose means Sophia had been placed on the Imperial throne, soon became dangerous to herself. A religious war broke out in Moscow, wherein the Empress found herself opposed to the greater portion of the Strelitz army.

She and her brothers were compelled to fly to the convent of the Trinity, where they were presently besieged by the rebels, commanded by one Clovanskoi. But again the power and talent of Sophia prevailed: for by stratagem she found means to get into her hands the person of their leader. Him she instantly beheaded on the walls

of the convent. This act of summary justice struck such terror into the hearts of the rebels, that they immediately retreated; three days afterwards, three thousand men marched with ropes round their necks to the convent, to implore forgiveness, and to swear allegiance to the Imperial triumvirate.

Basil Galitzin who soon after became prime minister, aimed the first blow at the tumultuary power of the Strelitzes. On the first occasion of riot he distributed the most mutinous of their number among the regiments quartered in the Ukraine or the distant provinces of Siberia and Casan; and so for a time subdued their restless and ungovernable spirit. Notwithstanding, they again rose in arms to support Sophia, in an attempt she made to seize the throne for herself alone.

This was their last effort. A spirit had arisen in Russia, against whose resistless energy the

intrigues of a woman, backed by a tumultuous mob, was of little avail.

Peter the First was now seventeen, and had already given proofs of that genius, which was afterwards destined to create an Empire. He gathered round him, at the Troitzkoi convent, a numerous band of German mercenaries, together with many of the Boyards, and their adherents, who were devoted to his cause.

He published a manifesto, declaring that the Princess Sophia was no longer worthy of participating in the government, as she had urged the Strelitzes to take his life, in order to obtain sole possession of the throne. He then marched to Moscow, beat the Strelitzes, and sent the Princess to a convent for the rest of her life.

Every Strelitz was massacred in the courts of the Kremlin in Peter's presence, and the young Czar exhibited, on this occasion, that

ferocity of disposition, which became afterwards so terrible.

From that day in June, 1689, may be dated the existence of the Russian Empire.

# THE CAMP.

"The following précis of the movements and numbers of the army was given to us by the aide-de-camp, who accompanied us at the review."

*Supposition pour les Manœuvres du Corps de la Garde en Juin* 1845.

Une armée de l'Est venant de Novgorod, après avoir successivement conquis les rives de la Néva, a jeté à son embouchure les fondemens de la ville de St. Pétersbourg. Une armée de l'Ouest a été forcée de se retirer au-delà de Jambourg, Koporié et Narva. Les deux armées se sont étendues dans de larges quartiers d'hiver.

L'armée de l'Est a cantonné sa cavalerie entre Strelna, Kipène et Skvoritzy, avec un appui immédiat de détachements d'infanterie à Strelna et à Krasnoé-Sélo. Le reste se trouve plus en arrière vers Novgorod.

A l'approche du printemps, l'armée de l'Ouest a rassemblé inopinément toute sa cavalerie. Elle a surpris et percé la ligne des avant-postes ennemis, et en pénétrant au centre de ses cantonnemens les plus avancés, elle a rejeté la cavalerie de l'armée de l'Est au-delà de Vissotskoé.

C'est ici que commence la manœuvre.

Le corps de l'Est tâchera de sauver les détachements isolés de ses troupes, de les rassembler autant que faire se pourra, et aussitôt qu'il aura réussi à les concentrer, il prendra l'offensive pour repousser l'ennemi s'il ne lui est pas possible de le battre. Le corps de l'Ouest doit profiter de son premier succès afin d'anéantir les forces disséminées de l'ennemi. Il doit agir avec la

plus grande célérité et hardiesse, et lui faire le plus de mal possible. Toutefois en cas de revers, le corps de l'Ouest se repliera sur ses forces principales de manière à ne pas s'exposer à une défaite.

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## CORPS DE L'EST.

*(Son Altesse Impériale le Grand-Duc Héritier Césaréwitch.)*

Entre Vissotskôé *(finois et russe)* et Skvoritzy.

La 2de division de cavalerie légère de la garde . . . . . 20 esc.

La batterie légère N. 3 de l'artillerie à cheval de la garde . . . 8 pièces.

*(Lieutenant-Général Plaoutine.)*

*A Strelna.*

La 1re brigade de la 1re division d'infanterie de la garde . . 6 bat.

La batterie de position N. 1 de l'artillerie à pied de la garde . . 8 pièces.

*(Lieutenant-Général Ofrossimoff.)*

*A Krasnoé-Sélo.*

La 2de brigade de la 1re division d'infanterie de la garde . . 6 bat.

La batterie de position N. 2 de l'artillerie à pied de la garde . . 8 pièces.

La batterie légère N. 1 de l'artillerie à pied de la garde . . . 8 —

*(Général-Major Stépanoff.)*

*A St. Pétersbourg.*

La 1re brigade de la 2de division d'infanterie de la garde . . 6 bat.

La batterie de position N. 3 de l'artillerie à pied de la garde . . 8 pièces

La batterie de position N. 4 de l'artillerie à pied de la garde . . 8 —

*(Lieutenant-Général Rehbinder.)*

*A Podgornoe-Poulkovo.*

La 2de brigade de la 2de division d'infanterie de la garde . 6 bat.
La batterie légère N. 2 de l'artillerie à pied de la garde . . . 8 pièces.

*(Général Major Viatkine.)*

*A Gatchina.*

Le régiment-modèle à pied . . 2 bat.
Le 1er régiment des carabiniers d'instruction . . . . . 2 —
La batterie de position N. 1 de la brigade d'instruction . . . 8 pièces.
Le régiment-modèle de cavalerie . 6 esc.
La batterie-modèle à cheval . . 8 pièces.

*(Général-Major Mazourkéwicz.)*

*A Ijora.*

La 2de brigade de la 1re division des grenadiers . . . . . 6 bat.

La batterie-modèle à pied . . 8 pièces.

*(Colonel Baron Korff.)*

Les troupes cantonnées à Gatchina et supposées à Ijora ne peuvent opérer que le dernier jour de la manœuvre, c'est-à-dire le 15 Juin ; le reste des troupes se mettra en marche le 14 Juin à 6 heures du matin. Les chefs des détachements se règleront sur les circonstances du moment et ne cesseront jamais d'avoir en vue le but qui leur aura été préalablement indiqué par le Commandant en chef.

TOTAL DU CORPS DE L'EST.

34 bataillons.

26 escadrons.

64 pièces d'artillerie à pied.

16 pièces d'artillerie à cheval.

## CORPS DE L'OUEST.

*(L'Aide-de-camp Général Knorring.*

*A Kipène.*

La division des Cuirassiers de la garde 24 esc.
La 1re division de Cavalerie légère de la garde . . . . . 21 —
La batterie de position de l'artillerie à cheval de la garde . . . 8 pièces.
La batterie légère N. 1 de l'artillerie à cheval de la garde . . . 8 —
La batterie légère N. 2 de l'artillerie à cheval de la garde . . . 8 pièces.
La batterie cosaque de la garde . 6 —

*A Kipène.*

La 2de brigade de la 3me division d'infanterie de la garde . . 8 bat.
Le bataillon des tirailleurs finlandais de la garde . . . . . 1 bat.

La batterie de position N. 6 de l'artillerie à pied des grenadiers . 8 pièces.

*(Général-Major Dovbicheff.)*

*A Ropcha.*

La 1re brigade de la 3me division d'infanterie de la garde . . 8 bat.
Le bataillon des tirailleurs N. 4 . 1 —
La batterie de position N. 5 de l'artillerie à pied de la garde . . 8 pièces.
La batterie légère N. 3 de l'artillerie à pied des grenadiers . . . 8 —

*(Lieutenant-Général Moller.)*

Ce dernier échelon pourra se mettre en mouvement le 15 Juin à 6 heures du matin.

TOTAL DU CORPS DE L'OUEST.

18 bataillons.
45 escadrons.
24 pièces d'artillerie à pied.
30 pièces d'artillerie à cheval.

N.B. 1.) L'heure à laquelle devront commencer les manœuvres le premier jour entre Kipène et Vissotzkoé, sera indiquée par un ordre spécial.

N.B. 2.) Pour mieux distinguer les armées, l'infanterie du corps de l'Ouest sera vêtue en habits d'uniforme et l'infanterie du corps de l'Est en manteaux.

La cavalerie se distingue suffisamment par ses uniformes et la couleur de ses chevaux.

# THE SACRED CITY.

## MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT ROSTOPCHIN,

GOVERNOR OF MOSCOW AT THE TIME OF THE FRENCH INVASION, WRITTEN IN TEN MINUTES BY HIMSELF IN FRENCH.

*(From "L'Etoile Polaire.")*

## CHAPTER I.

### MY BIRTH.

On the 12th of May, 1762, I came forth from darkness into light—they measured me, and baptised me—I was born without knowing why—and my parents thanked Heaven without knowing for what.

## CHAPTER II.

### MY EDUCATION.

They taught me all sorts of things, and different languages. Being impudent and tricky, I passed sometimes for a wise man. My head became a compound library, of which I kept the key.

## CHAPTER III.

### MY SUFFERINGS.

I was tormented by masters, by tailors who made me tight clothes, by useless regrets, by women and ambition, by royalties and remembrances.

## CHAPTER IV.

### PRIVATIONS.

I was deprived of the three great enjoyments of the human species—thieving—gormandizing—and pride.

## CHAPTER V.

### MEMORABLE EPOCHS.

At thirty, I renounced dancing—at forty, the good graces of the fair sex—at fifty, public opinion—at sixty, thought. I have become either a sage or an egoist, which are synonymous.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MORAL PORTRAIT.

I am as obstinate as a mule, capricious as a coquette, gay as a child, lazy as a marmotte, active as Bonaparte—and all this at will.

## CHAPTER VII.

### IMPORTANT RESOLUTION.

Never having been able to command my countenance, I gave loose to my tongue, and contracted the bad habit of thinking aloud, which procured me some amusement, and many enemies.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WHAT I WAS, AND WHAT I OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN.

I was very sensible of friendship and confidence. If I had been born in the golden age, I could have been a good natured man.

## CHAPTER IX.

### RESPECTABLE PRINCIPLES.

I was never implicated in match-making or gossipping. I never recommended a cook or a doctor, consequently have never attempted any one's life.

## CHAPTER X.

### MY TASTES.

I liked small society, and a walk in the woods; I have an involuntary veneration for the sun, and

its setting saddens me; in colour, blue; in eating, beef *au refort;* in drinking, pure water; in the theatre, comedy and farce; in men and women, open and expressive countenances. Hump-backed people of both sexes had for me a charm that I could never define.

## CHAPTER XI.

### MY DISLIKES.

I had a dislike for fools, scoundrels, and intriguers who play the virtuous; disgust for the affectation of piety—for painted men and rouged women; aversion for rats, liqueurs, metaphysics and rhubarb; fear of justice and enraged beasts.

## CHAPTER XII.

### ANALYSIS OF MY LIFE.

I await death without fear, as without impatience. My life has been a bad melodrama with grand scenery, in which I have played the hero, the tyrant, the lover, the noble father, but never the servant.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### RECOMPENSE OF HEAVEN.

My great happiness is to be independent of three individuals who rule Europe. As I am rich enough, and have given up all business, I have nothing to do with Rothschild, Metternich and Rossini.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### MY EPITAPH.

Ici on a posé,
Pour se reposer,
Avec une âme blasée,
Un cœur épuisé
Et un corps usé,
Un vieux diable trépassé.
Messieurs et mesdames—passez.

# THE STATE PRISON.

*Manifesto published by the Court of St. Petersburg on occasion of the death of Prince Ivan.*

By the Grace of God, we Catherine the Second, Empress of all the Russias, to all whom these presents may concern.

When by the Divine Will, and in compliance with the ardent and unanimous desires of our faithful subjects, we ascended the throne of Russia, we were not ignorant that Ivan, son of Anthony, Prince of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, and the Princess Anne of Mecklenburgh was still alive. This Prince, as is well known, was imme-

diately after his birth, unlawfully declared heir to the Imperial Crown of Russia; but, by the decrees of Providence, he was soon after irrevocably excluded from that high office, and the sceptre placed in the hands of the lawful heiress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, our beloved aunt of glorious memory. After we had ascended the throne, and offered up to Heaven our just thanksgivings, the first object that employed our thoughts, in consequence of that humanity that is natural to us, was the unhappy situation of that Prince who was dethroned by Divine Providence, and had been unfortunate ever since his birth; and we formed the resolution to alleviate his misfortunes as far as was possible.

We immediately made a visit to him, in order to judge of his understanding and talents, and in consequence thereof, to procure him an agreeable and quiet situation, suitable to his character and the education he had received. But, how

great was our surprise, when besides a defect in his utterance, that was uneasy to himself, and rendered his discourse almost unintelligible to others, we observed in him a total privation of sense and reason! Those who accompanied us during this interview, saw how much our heart suffered at the view of an object so fitted to excite compassion; they were also convinced, that the only method we could take to succour the unfortunate Prince, was to leave him where we found him, and to procure him all the comforts and conveniences that his situation would admit of. We accordingly gave our orders for this purpose, though the state he was in prevented his perceiving the marks of our humanity, or being sensible of our attention and care; for he knew nobody, could not distinguish between good and evil, nor did he know the use that might be made of reading, to pass the time with less weariness and disgust. On the contrary, he sought after pleasure in objects that

discovered, with sufficient evidence, the disorder of his imagination.

To prevent, therefore, ill-intentioned persons from giving him any trouble, or from making use of his name or orders to disturb the public tranquillity, we gave him a guard, and placed about his person two officers of the garrison, in whose fidelity and integrity we could confide. These officers were Captain Vlassieff, and Lieutenant Tschekin, who, by their long military services, which had considerably impaired their health, deserved a suitable recompense, and a station in which they might pass quietly the remainder of their days: they were accordingly charged with the care of the Prince, and were strictly enjoined to let no one approach him. Yet all these precautions were not sufficient to prevent an abandoned profligate from committing at Schlusselburg an unparalleled wickedness, and at the risk of his own life, an outrage whose enormity inspires horror. A second Lieutenant of the

regiment of Smolensko, a native of the Ukraine, named Basil Mirovitch, grandson of the first rebel that followed Mazeppa, and a man in whom the villany of his ancestors seems to have been infused with their blood; this profligate having passed his days in debauchery and dissipation, and being thus deprived of all honourable means of advancing his fortune; having also lost sight of what he owed to the law of God, and of the oath of allegiance he had taken to us; and knowing Prince Ivan only by name, without any knowledge of his mental or bodily abilities, took it into his head to make use of the Prince to advance his own fortune, at all events, without being restrained by the consideration of the bloody scene that such an attempt was adapted to occasion. In order to execute this detestable, dangerous, and desperate project, he desired, during our absence in Livonia, to be on guard, out of his turn, in the Castle of Schlusselburg, where the guard is relieved every eight days;

and the fifteenth of last month, about two o'clock in the morning, he all of a sudden called upon the main guard, formed it into line, and ordered the soldiers to load with ball.

Berednikoff, Governor of the fortress, having heard a noise, came out of his apartment, and asked Mirovitch the meaning of this disturbance, but received no other answer than a blow on the head with the butt-end of his musket. Mirovitch having wounded and arrested the Governor, led on his troops with fury, and attacked with fire-arms the handful of soldiers that guarded the Prince Ivan.

But he was so warmly received by those soldiers, under the command of the two officers mentioned above, that he was obliged to retire. By a particular direction of that Providence, that watches over the life of man, there was that night, a thick mist, which together with the inward form and situation of the fortress, had this happy effect, that not one individual was

either killed or wounded. The bad success of his first attempt could not engage this enemy of the public peace to desist from his rebellious purpose. Driven by rage and despair, he ordered a piece of cannon to be brought from one of the bastions; which order was immediately executed. Captain Vlassieff and his Lieutenant Tschokin, seeing that it was impossible to resist such a superior force, and considering the unhappy consequences that must ensue from the deliverance of a person, who was committed to their care, and the effusion of innocent blood that must follow the tumults it was adapted to excite, took, after deliberating together, the only steps that they thought proper to maintain the public tranquillity, which was to cut short the days of the unfortunate Prince. Considering also, that if they set at liberty a prisoner, whom this desperate party endeavoured to force with such violence out of their hands, they ran the risk of being punished according to the rigour of the laws,

they assassinated the Prince, without being restrained by the apprehension of being put to death by a villain reduced to despair. The monster, Mirovitch, seeing the dead body of the Prince, was so confounded and struck at a sight he so little expected, that he acknowledged that very instant his temerity and his guilt, and discovered his repentance to the troop, which an hour before, he had seduced from their duty, and rendered the accomplices of his crime.

Then it was, that the two officers, who had nipped this rebellion in the bud, joined with the Governor of the fortress, in securing the person of the rebel, and in bringing back the soldiers to their duty. They also sent to our Privy Counsellor Panein, under whose orders they acted, a relation of this event, which, though unhappy, has nevertheless, under the protection of Heaven, been the occasion of preventing still greater calamities. This senator dispatched immediately Lieutenant-Colonel Kashchkin, with sufficient

instructions to maintain the public tranquillity, to prevent disorder on the spot, (i. e. where the assassination was committed,) and sent us at the same time, a courier with a circumstantial account of the whole affair. In consequence of this, we ordered Lieutenant-General Veymann, of the division of Petersburg, to take the necessary informations upon the spot; this he has done, and has sent us accordingly, his interrogations, depositions, and the confession of the villain himself, who has acknowledged his guilt.

Sensible of the enormity of his crime, and of its consequences with regard to the peace of our country, we have referred the whole affair to the consideration of our senate, which we have ordered, jointly with the synod, to invite the three first classes and the presidents of all the colleges, to hear the verbal relation of General Veymann, who has taken the proper informations, to pronounce sentence in consequence thereof; and after that sentence has been signed,

to present it to us for our confirmation of the same.

The original is signed by her Imperial Majesty's own hand.

CATHERINE.

END.

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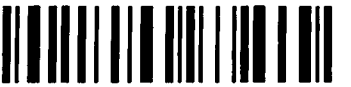
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